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INTERNATIONAL
club

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VOLUME 16 NUMBER 11
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MELANIE APPLEBY NUDE!

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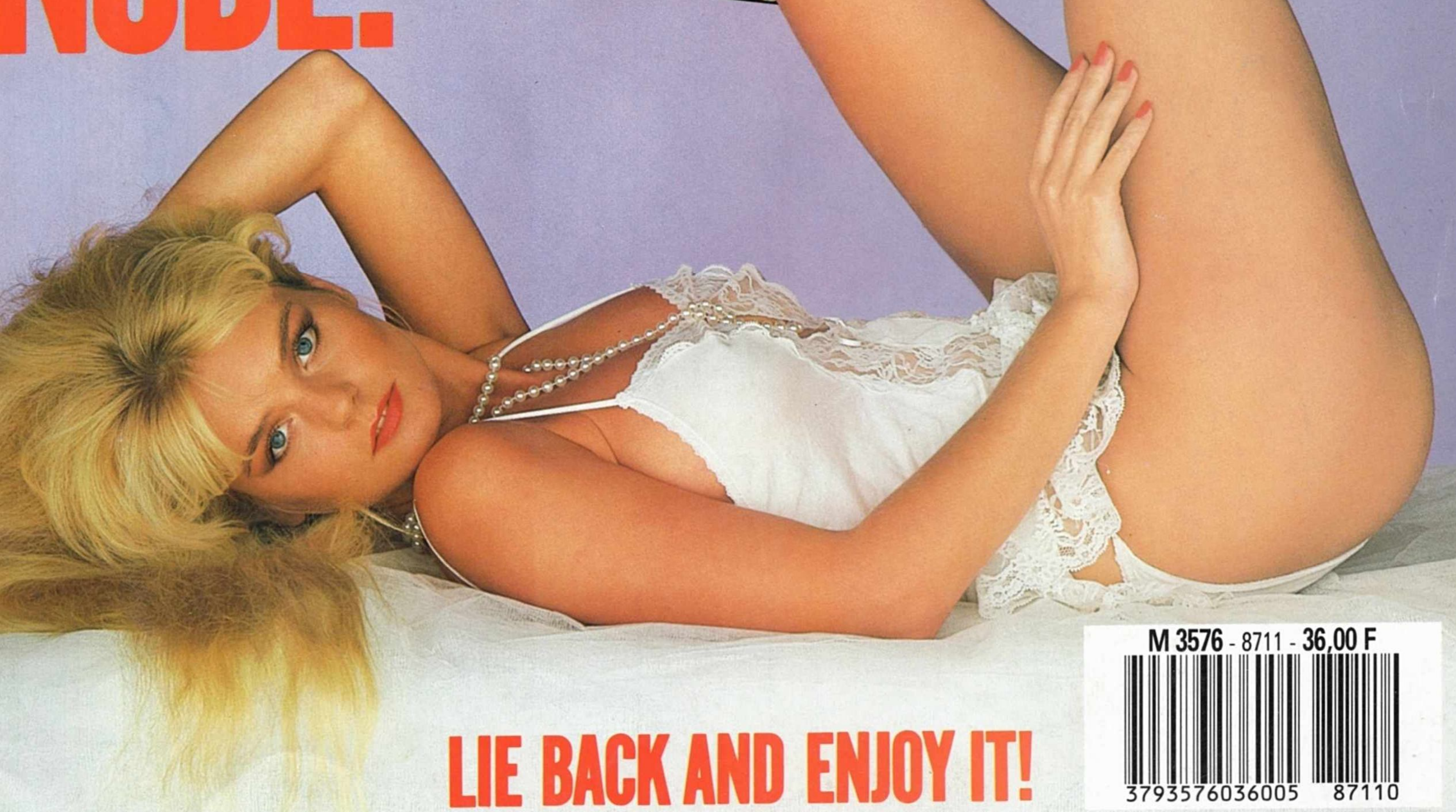

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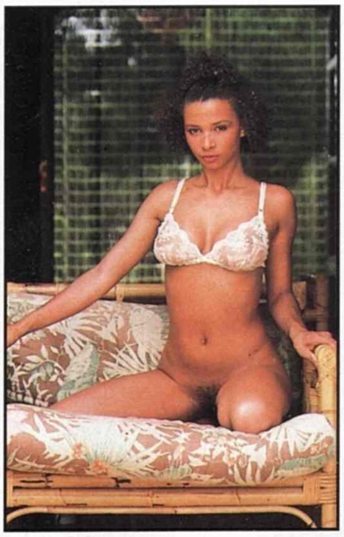

Cover girl: It's the "Mel" half of that sexy singing duo Mel and Kim. Find out why she earned her nickname "Melons" by turning to page 22. (No, she didn't use to work on a fruit and veg stall.)

Publisher: Paul Raymond
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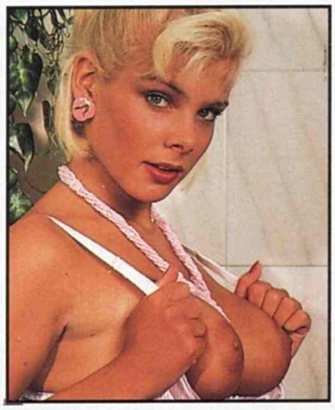
4 **TEASE!** nah nah na-nah nah, shove off, big-nose



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6 **IN THE BAG** rabbit, rabbit, rabbit . . .

7 **COME AGAIN** just ask, and she will

8 **NUTTER'S CORNER** plain daft, if you ask me

9 **LEWDO** apparently, I'm insane

10 **MOTORVATION** tvrgtixr3iturbo and all that

11 **ANDREA** she's a woozy Jacuzzi floozie

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18 **HARD NEWS** look, it *is* true, honest

19 **TOP TITS** fantastic funbags flaunted ferociously!

20 **TAPED!** raw porn to your door

21 **UNCOVERED!** ditto, but with books

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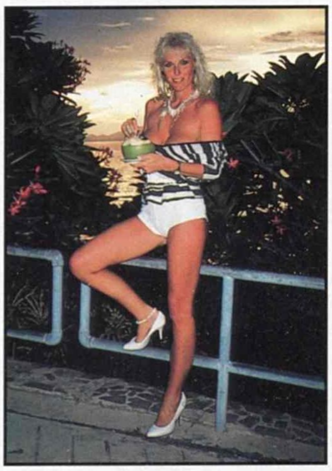

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96 **BITS AND BOOBS** win a complete set of accountants!

Dry Eventers – but not for long

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TEASE!

THIS · MONTH · IN · CLUB

Hiya, sleaze lovers! And haven't we got a lot for you! After last month's rather exciting, explicit piccies of that Madonna lassie that made the opposition's efforts look a bit silly (what do you mean you missed it? Just as well we've got a shit-hot back issues department, then, ain't it?), we were rather hoping to have a set of another singer to get you going. However, Demis Roussos proved to be unavailable.

Not to worry, though, because this issue is so good, you'll soon get over the disappointment. *Shoot Your Girl* means it's Open Season on the missus – although we'd prefer you to use a Canon rather than a cannon. We don't let you keep all the goodies to yourself, mind – we get in on the act, too, as you'll see by looking at the set of randy Paula from Bournemouth on page 33. A great start to a great new feature.

If you've noticed the number of flash young lads about town wearing Brylcreem and baseball jackets (or even if you're one of them) you'll know nostalgia is back. Always in tune with the times, we've dug around in the massive Club vaults and pulled out some unique, authentic and genuinely groovy pictures from those fiery 50s and swinging 60s. Flick to page 79 and you'll find some amazing photos, shot in the way only the pin-up pioneers knew how. *And* you can read just what some girls did and some girls didn't way back then. Whether you lived through the whole era, or you just like the style, this feature's a real collector's item.

To get just a little bit more modern here, there's our Eddie Murphy interview on page 30. We're not going to spoil it all by telling you what the man says: oh, no, we're just going to have a gloat about the fact that all the biggest stars talk to Club.

Mind you, we have all the biggest planks in here, too. If you're a few cards short of a full deck, you'll enjoy the pleasant little hobbies of the folk in another regular feature, *Nutter's Corner*, on page 17. Rather apt that it should share a page with a feature about hockey players, we're inclined to think. By the way, while we're talking about sport, irate Chelsea supporters weren't too happy at us calling their team crap last month. Let's hope they don't think they've been singled out, because they haven't. We also don't think much of Arsenal, Walsall, Newcastle, Man Utd, Leeds Utd, QPR, Clydebank and Chelsea Reserves.

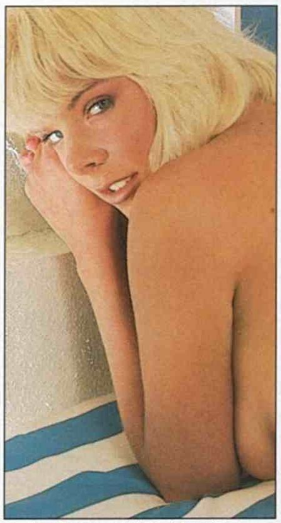
We are, however, very favourably disposed towards the pictures of young ladies in wet suits riding Jet Skis. Those of you who have a liking for all things damp should waste no further time in going off to page 86 for this month's Club *Event*.

As for us, well, we're not going to waste any further time in reminding the Editor that he promised to get a round in this lunchtime – truly an event which makes Halley's Comet seem more regular than *Wogan*. – *RM*

More uniformly trouser-bulgi pics of Linzi on page 56

"Come on, missus, don't be shy just because there's a Club cameraman here, too!"

, bums and Kawasaki Jet Skis – but not necessarily in that order



Left: *Cover girl Sabina's guaranteed to get the ol' ticker going a bit, and so (above and below) is Page 3 crumpet, Andrea Clarke*

O'REILLY'S BOOK OF RECORDS

Goodbye! – I mean hello! – and top of the morning to you all, begorra. Welcome to the wild and wacky world of *O'Reilly's Book of Records*, a completely crazy (*that means false – Ed*) compilation of some of the more fantastic feats of human endurance.

In this month's edition we will be giving you up-to-the-minute details of THE MOST ASTOUNDING FEAT OF MEMORY BY A BRITISH BUS INSPECTOR, THE LOUDEST UNDERWATER BURP EVER RECORDED, and THE MOST SWISS ROLLS EATEN BY A CONCERT PIANIST.

But, first, details of **THE PERSON MOST OFTEN MISTAKEN FOR A VEGETABLE**. There is at present some disagreement as to who actually holds the world record for this category, as the Americans operate a different monitoring system to that used by the EEC. The official American title-holder is President Reagan who, so far, has been mistaken for a cabbage 478 times. Reagan succeeded actor Karl "Streets of San Francisco" Malden who was mistaken for a baked potato in 48 out of 50 episodes of the show. The European title-holder is Gertsy Amsanwich, a Belgian who was found in a French side salad at the age of two. Since then she has been mistaken for a yam (64 times), and iceberg lettuce (87 times), a chouxfleur au gratin (12 times) and a plate of mushy peas (twice).

THE MOST ASTOUNDING FEAT OF MEMORY BY A BRITISH BUS INSPECTOR was performed by Mr Eric Snaffle, a veteran employee of the Sheffield Corporation. Mr Snaffle learned by rote the Christian and middle names of every female resident of his city, and went on to memorise the names of every pet dog in Sheffield's twin town of Bochum, Germany. The left frontal lobe of Mr Snaffle's brain is now preserved and on display to the public in the front room of his house in central Sheffield, providing an additional attraction for the thousands of tourists who flood into the city each year.

THE LOUDEST UNDERWATER BURP EVER RECORDED has been attributed to an overweight member of the Jacques Cousteau team, who had consumed eight pounds of snails in garlic on the deck of the *Calypso* before starting his fateful dive. However, the phenomenal belch was recorded using the fairly primitive underwater sound equipment available at the time, and thus the level of 87 decibels cannot be relied on.

In these circumstances, the record must rest with Flipper the television dolphin, who eventually ate his screen buddy Marine Boy. He was so nauseated by the experience, he gave forth an underwater belch measured at 81 decibels.

German musician Hans Auto-Digest holds the record for **THE MOST SWISS ROLLS EATEN BY A CONCERT PIANIST**. On the celebrated occasion of his attaining the record, he was fed 317 Cadbury's Swiss mini-rolls by his assistant during a performance of Chopin's Piano Recital.

That's all for this issue's *O'Reilly's Book of Records*, but be sure to tune in again next month when we will be giving you details on THE MOST WATER DISPLACED BY A PAIR OF TESTICLES, THE GREATEST DISTANCE TRAVELLED BY A HOUSEWIFE IN POSSESSION OF A PAIR OF SUPERMARKET CARRIER BAGS and THE WORLD'S MOST UNFORTUNATE NEW ZEALANDER.

Until then . . . Hello!

IN·THE·BAG

We want to hear from you about what you like, what you did, where you did it, how good she was, or anything you reckon we might be interested in. Send your contributions to In The Bag, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

Complaints . . .

I am a regular reader of Club and I enjoy it very much. I like the girls mostly but sometimes think a few more subtle poses of demure beauties would go down well. Also, if a girl is showing "all" it would be nice to see a smile on her face. Finally, erect nipples seem to be non-existent these days! Any chance of seeing their return?

Carry on the good work.

Roger, Treadingham

. . . and more complaints

Club Event is always good value but what has happened to the continuity in Vol 16 No 7? I was just hoping the lovely blonde in the red outfit was about to open the zip in her crotch for picture five when she suddenly appears in somebody else's black jacket. And again in picture five the girl in the pony tail discards her dungaree suit for a piece of chicken wire. Why, I wonder?

A suggestion for a future *Club Event*: we all know how girls get out of ultra-tight trousers, but how do they get into them? You could do an *Event* in reverse, starting starkers and ending up in an amazing selection of skin-tight trousers, jeans, leather, you name it, with a fantastic bum display for the final photo. Often most men agree that skin-tight clothes are more exciting than skin-tight skin.

T Green, Northumberland

What choppers!

Most people hate going to the dentist, but I don't – in fact, I love it. You see, my dentist is a woman. She's absolutely gorgeous. She's got lovely, juicy, 40-inch tits, a tight arse and a great, hairy fanny.

I got to see her fanny about a month ago. I was sent my check-up card as usual, so I thought I'd go along to get a hard-on as I always do.

You see, I love lying down and looking up at her and, as her tits are so big, they sometimes touch my face as she reaches over me to pick up some dental tools. Of course, this gives me such an enormous hard cock, my prick is clearly noticeable through my trousers.

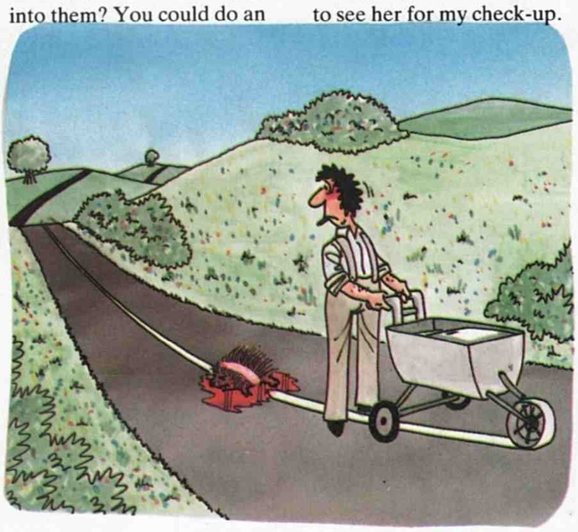
Anyway, this time I went to see her for my check-up. That particular day it was really hot, so everybody had little clothing on. As the receptionist told me to go on into the room where my dentist was, I started fantasizing about fucking her silly. When I walked into the room I was greeted by my dentist's smiling face. She told me to put myself on the dental chair. I did this and she walked to the sink and bent over. I saw her tits because, it being so hot, she had unzipped her uniform quite a long way down. This gave me an even bigger hard-on, and as she turned round she caught sight of my dick in all its glory. Then, to my surprise, she walked over to me and put her hand on my throbbing member.

She told me to stand up and pull my trousers down. Of course I did this and she told me I had the loveliest dick she had ever seen. She then unzipped her uniform and struggled out of it, her tits swaying all the time. I could hardly believe my luck.

When she took it off I was amazed that she had no knickers on. By this time I was so turned on, I wanted t fuck her right there and then She said to me: "Come on, then, get that monster of yours up my fanny and ride me." That was it, I couldn't stand it any longer. I rushed over to her, bent her over th dental chair, grabbed her lovely, suckable boobs and rammed my eight-inch cock up her. She gave a moan and off I went, pumping as hard as I could and squeezing her tits at the same time.

Unfortunately, we were making a little too much noise, so two of her assistant came in to see what was happening. As soon as they saw what was going on, they smiled and sat down to watch.

I was so randy then, I just didn't care if they watched. I just carried on banging my cock into my loving dentist a

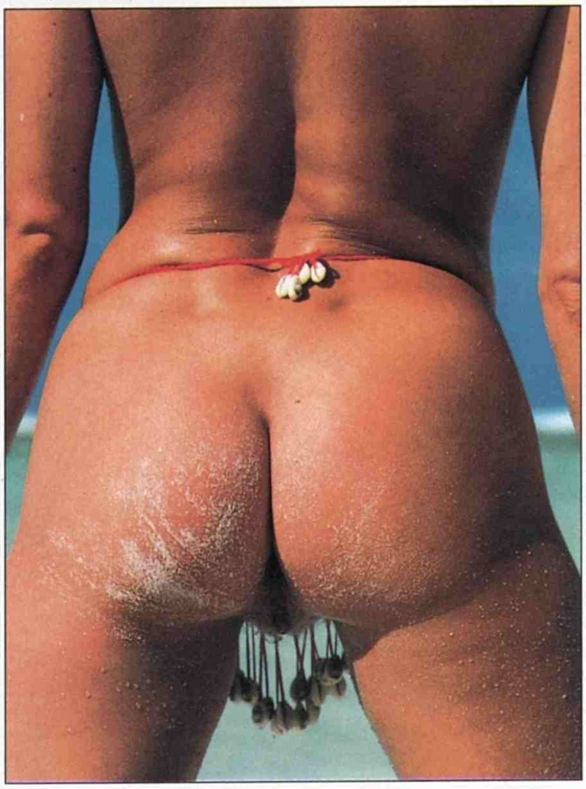


IN ARREARS

It's competition time again: so one-two-three, come on down, give us a clue and NAME THAT BUM!

These three pert posteriors are all taken from more-or-less current issues of Club (we think). Check out your issues, tell us which backside belongs with which bird, and the first five correct entries out of the Art Editor's toastrack will win – gasp! – a world-famous Club International T-shirt! Wow!

So send your suggestions in sharpish to Name That Bum, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. We've got to get rid the damn things, after all. This comp will close on November 12th 1987, and Editor will not enter into a correspondence unless his strange perverted urges compel him to do so.



hard as I could. It wasn't long before I was shooting my hot, creamy spunk up her cunt. As I shot it up her, the two assistants started clapping.

That day I didn't manage to get a check up, but I got a good cock work-out . . . which is so much better.

Paul, Manchester

Frankie goes to Sutton

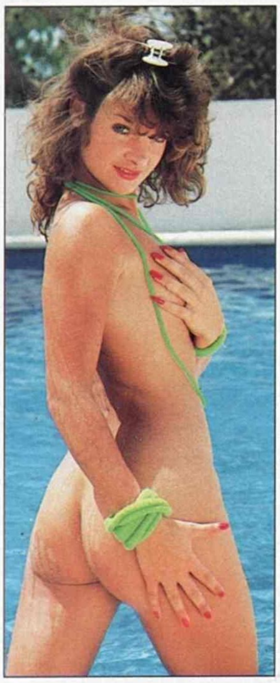
I'd like to tell you about what happened to me last week.

I was helping my neighbour, Frankie, with some gardening. After a while she said: "Sod this, I'm going to have a drink and a shower." With this, she walked indoors. Next I saw Frankie standing by the bedroom window. I watched as she pulled off her white T-shirt, revealing a beautiful pair of round, firm breasts topped by stiff, dark-brown nipples. She then removed her shorts and disappeared into the bathroom.

Then I heard Frankie calling me to go upstairs. I ran in and up to the bathroom. I heard her say: "In the bedroom, Roy." I walked in. There, to my amazement, was Frankie lying on the bed, naked with her legs parted, cunt lips gaping. "Like what you see, Roy? Come here, I need you." Well, for a lady in her late 30s, married with two children, she looked fantastic! I jumped on to the bed beside her and started kissing her lips and neck. Frankie grabbed my hand and placed it on her naked breast. I squeezed the nipple

continued on page 8

COME AGAIN
the girl you've asked to see



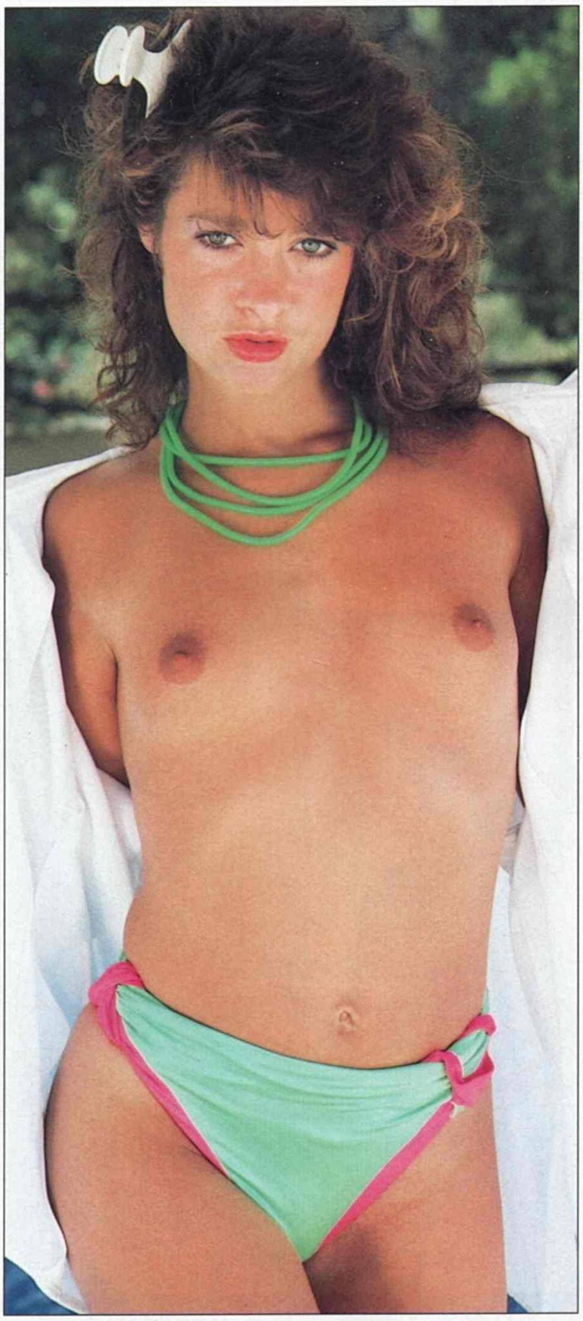
Popularity didn't all come in a rush for Judy here. OK, when she appeared in Volume 16 Number 4 she had a good few letters . . . well, a few letters . . . well, four to be honest. So we thought, lovely girl, but we won't be seeing her again.

Just shows how wrong you can be. As the months went on, that trickle just kept on coming and coming and coming (and so did most of you, by the sound of it). Now we've got a big pile of post all waiting to be forwarded, and that's just the past two months' worth. I tell you, it'd be a lot easier for us to plan things if you'd decide to write the moment you saw the girl, instead of waiting eight months to put pen to paper.

Anyway, Judy's pretty pleased by the way her fan club keeps growing. "The whole kick of modelling for Club is knowing that so many guys are out there fantasising about you," she says. "When you get the letters to prove it, it's one hell of a thrill. In fact, it makes me hot all over!

"Quite a few were from lads in my area, South London, telling me all their fantasies about me and wondering if we'd meet in one pub or club or another. They told me about their sex lives too, and some of their talk was just so dirty – it was great! It's a real education to find out the kinky things people are up to just around the corner. I'll never think of Catford in the same way again!"

So come on lads – give the girls a treat. Send in your vote, and your personal message for your favourite girl to Come Again, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1. You could make an innocent (?!) girl very happy.



IN·THE·BAG

continued from page 7

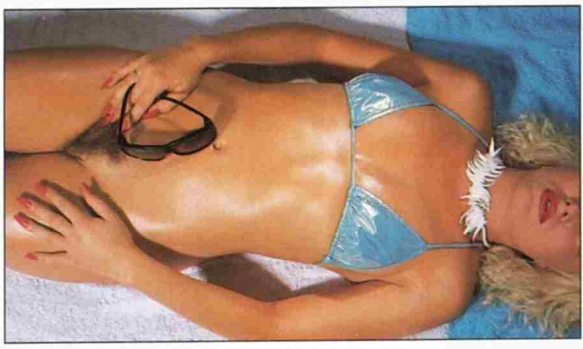
between my fingers. I started to kiss Frankie's breasts and suck hard at her dark-brown nipples. She slid her hand into my shorts and grasped my rampant prick. She removed my shorts and started to toss me off. Then suddenly she jumped off the bed and ran out of the room.

A few minutes later Frankie returned. The sight of her nearly made my prick explode. Frankie was now wearing black fishnet stockings and a lace suspender belt. She kneeled over, placing her large breasts either side of my prick and started to rub and squeeze them against my shaft. She then rolled over on to her back and said: "I need you now, Roy. Fuck me hard and long, I'm aching for you."

With this I buried my face between her legs. I kissed and licked her pubic hair and pink cunt lips. Frankie squirmed with pleasure as I sucked her clit and quim. I then asked Frankie to get on all fours so I could fuck her from behind and watch ourselves in the mirror. I kissed her naked buttocks and then slid my rampant prick between her legs and into her love hole. She screamed with pleasure as she felt the warmth of my prick enter her gaping hole. Frankie rocked to and fro in time with my thrusts. Her cunt walls squeezed tight against me. Her stockings occasionally rubbed against my naked flesh. I watched Frankie's large naked breasts in the mirror as they bounced backwards and forwards.

I slid my hands up the inside of her stockinged legs over her pubic hair and up to her breasts. As I squeezed them and quickened my thrusts, Frankie screeched in high ecstasy as she came, filling her hole with warm love juices. Within minutes I exploded. We then fell asleep.

Later that afternoon I fucked her twice more, once in the shower and once on the kitchen table. We are still neighbours, so a repeat performance is a distinct possibility. *RFC, Sutton*



***Room with a view:** Bikini takes atoll*

Room with a view

How I agree with Greg of Surrey when he says swimming costumes are too provocative. I have a lady next door who sunbathes wearing a skimpy black bikini. She also does gardening like that, and her tits hang and peep out of the side every time she bends over. I just take all my clothes off in the bedroom and, from behind lace curtains, have a lovely wank. Then as her bum shows more and more as her bikini rides up, my cock stiffens again and I have another wank, only this time hardly any spunk comes out, needless to say. But it still does not satisfy me. I then feel my penis again and rub away, watching her tits and bum and fanny as they peep out of the side. There is no way I could come a third time much though I would have liked to.

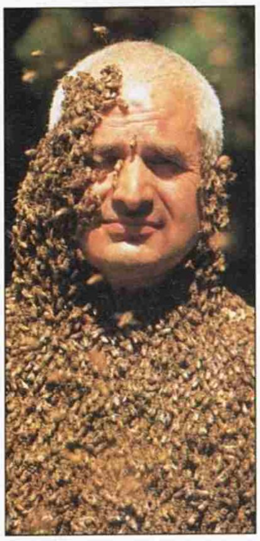
While talking to her one day she said she knew I was wanking over her and that she did not mind. She even told me the man next door to her on the other side wanks over her. The trouble is, she is giving me a sore prick with all that wanking. Sometimes I long for rainy weather so she stays indoors.

B Richmond, London

On-the-job training

I recently resigned from my job at a computer company. My assistant of about a year, Judy, an attractive woman in her early 30s, was very keen to take over my position and asked me if I was going to recommend her for the job. I had always fancied her, so I saw my opportunity and told her it all depended how nice she was to me. I suggested we discuss it whilst working overtime that evening, to which she agreed.

In my office that evening I showed Judy a letter I had written (but not yet sent) to the director, bestowing praise on Judy and



NUTTER'S CORNER

If you've already taken a butcher's at the pics featured here, you'll understand just why this part of the book is called *Nutter's Corner*. Yes, the Mary brothers from France (s'pose that explains a lot) really do get a buzz from covering their heads and torsos with a hiveful of live bees. And if that isn't the act of out-and-out nutters, Christ alone knows what is!

If you're only half-sharp and fancy having a go for yourself, here's what you do (but just remember that Club International isn't liable for funeral costs). First, strip off to waist. Approach hive. Open. Tap on sides (this apparently reassures occupants). Wait.

Within minutes, you'll be rewarded by having the entire population of the hive perched on your bod. All 30,000 of 'em. They won't move until the Queen bee gets bored and buzzes off back to the hive. Allow half-an-hour. Sneeze, and it's bye-byes.

Tune in next month for another example of someone who doesn't have both oars in the water at the same time.

Photographs by Alain le Bot/Gamma

recommending her for my job.

I had pulled the blinds in my office down so nobody could see in. She asked me what she could do in return for my favour. I told her to bend over my desk and pull her skirt up. This she did, showing her tiny blue knickers. I moved around behind her and pulled her panties down and off. I sniffed the gusset, which was stained with pussy juice. I pulled my trousers and pants down and my prick was standing to attention. I ran my hands over Judy's bottom and then stuck two fingers into her fanny. These were soon replaced by my aching prick.

Judy looked round anxiously and asked me not to spunk in her. I reassured her I wouldn't. As my prick hammered her pussy I smacked against her bum cheeks, lightly at first, then harder, as the sound echoed around the office. I was soon on the verge of my climax, so I pulled my prick out and wanked furiously over her arse cheeks. My spunk splattered over Judy's reddened bum. I then told her to rub my cream into her bottom, which she did.

I wiped my wilting prick on her knickers and put them in my pocket as a memento.

The story has a happy ending, as Judy was promoted to my job when I left. *George, Middlesex*

Sex lessons

I am writing to you on a subject for which there is a huge demand – most of which goes unheard about. I was also encouraged to write after reading a letter from Mrs ND of Eastbourne in Vol 14 No 8.

I am an 18-year-old sixth former who is having a beautiful relationship with a 42-year-old housewife.

It started like this. Having known Marian for many years as a family friend and being able to have liberal conversations with her, I decided to pay her a private visit one evening. After the usual chat, Marian, sensing that I wanted to convey myself more to her, digressed very gently on to sex.

We talked of my teenage

continued on page 19

LEWDO

ARE · YOU · MAD?

Don't worry – we don't mean pathologically insane here. Just a bit cuckoo. A teapot. A hatstand. Answer the qs and find out

1 Wacky people are born wacky. As a youngster what did you aspire to be?
- a) A train driver
- b) An astronaut
- c) Prime minister
- d) A hatstand
- e) A New Guinean head-hunter

DICKY HOWETT

2 If you could spend a fortnight anywhere in the world, where would you choose to go?
- a) Paris
- b) Bradford
- c) Beirut
- d) A diamond mine in Swaziland

3 It's your first date with the girl of your dreams and you want to be in your element. Where do you take her?
- a) The science museum
- b) For a walk in the country
- c) A barn dance
- d) A Satanist coffee morning in Purley

4 You're driving with the missus in the countryside when she starts to make it clear that she's dying for it. What do you do?
- a) Stop the car immediately and have her over the bonnet
- b) Find a secluded spot away from the road. Then have her over the bonnet
- c) Head for home and a proper bed
- d) Unzip your cory and tell her to sit on it while you drive

5 You find yourself at a very dull party where you don't know anybody but you're determined to have a good time. What do you do?
- a) Grab a bottle of whisky and get quietly drunk in a corner
- b) Grab the girl with the biggest tits and set off on a conga around the house
- c) Drop your trousers and pants and hit the dance floor singing: "I've got a bigger one than you"
- d) Set fire to the host and shout: "Things are really hotting up now!"

6 You're midway through a very enjoyable shag when there's a ring at the door. What do you do?
- a) Keep humping away and hope it wasn't an important visitor
- b) Withdraw, throw on a pair of trousers and run to the door
- c) Withdraw and answer the door stark bollock naked
- d) Pick your partner up and answer the door while still in your coital position
- e) Run to the door, grab whoever's ringing and drag them in to join the fun

7 You're on the golf course and you've just missed a six-inch putt on the 18th to lose the match and a £10 bet. How do you react?
- a) Collapse to your knees and silently weep
- b) Fling your putter through the club house window
- c) Say: "Oh, well. Win some, lose some," and hand over the money

8 The girl opposite you on the bus is sitting in such a fashion that her knickers are on public view. Do you:
- a) Tactfully suggest she crosses her legs
- b) Growl: "Wooar! I wouldn't mind getting my tongue inside those," and leer at her in front of everybody
- c) Emit a long, wolf-like howl while pointing between the unfortunate girl's legs
- d) Throw your keys on the floor and prostrate yourself at her feet to get a better view
- e) Ask if she could leave them for you when she gets off the bus

9 Who is your favourite television personality?
- a) Moira Stewart
- b) Bob Monkhouse
- c) Spike Milligan
- d) Dennis Norden
- e) Yogi Bear

10 Standing in a crowded train carriage you see a friend of yours waving to you from the other end. Do you:
- a) Grin and wave back
- b) Try to fight your way from one end of the carriage to the other, risking death from body odour inhalation, so you can talk to him
- c) Shout: "Afternoon, Archie. How are the piles?"

11 You're out on a first date and the conversation has dried up. The girl is looking bored but you still fancy your chances. Do you:
- a) Slap your hampton on the table and say: "There's the goods; take it or leave it"
- b) Ask her if she'd like to come back and see your marbles
- c) Look into her eyes and sing *The Tracks Of My*

ANIMAL RIGHTS

Tears by Smokey Robinson

d) Say: "I suppose a fuck's out of the question?"

12 At work, you answer a colleague's phone while he's in the loo. The call's urgent. What do you do?

a) Gently knock on the toilet door

b) Say he'll have to ring back

c) Tell the caller: "I'm sorry, Mr X cannot come to the phone. He is vacating his bowels."

d) Run in and lift him off the pan

SCORING

1. a-1 b-3 c-2 d-4 e-5
2. a-1 b-3 c-2 d-5
3. a-1 b-2 c-3 d-5
4. a-5 b-2 c-1 d-4
5. a-1 b-3 c-4 d-5
6. a-2 b-1 c-3 d-4 e-5
7. a-3 b-2 c-5 (No sane golfer is that sporting)
8. a-1 b-2 c-3 d-4 e-5
9. a-2 b-5 c-3 d-1 e-4
10. a-1 b-3 c-5
11. a-4 b-2 c-5 d-3
12. a-1 b-1 c-4 d-5

CONCLUSIONS

Above 45 points: You are completely out to lunch, crazy, cuckoo. You are a teapot. Always unpredictable, you are the life and soul of any party. You make Michael Bentine look like a social worker. Take a couple of weeks off and get some therapy.

25 – 45 points: You could be described as interesting. You are neither completely crazy nor really completely straightforward. People usually feel comfortable in your company and you have the ability to socialise with teapots and letterboxes (see final category) alike. You are normal. Well done.

Below 25 points: Boring! You are a letterbox. Always there when you're wanted, always the same colour, always doing the same job. Reliability is your one redeeming feature. What are you doing reading an interesting magazine like Club? *(I don't just read it, I edit it. And you're fired – Ed.)*

MOTORVATION

What's the quickest car in Britain? The new TVR. Who's been driving it? ***John Masham*** *has. Why? 'Cos he needed a kick in the pants. Well, we could have told you that . . .*

Like anyone forced by economic necessity to endure a diet of frighteningly fast cars, I'm well versed in the subtle art of putting down the groaners. You know them: they're those jealous killjoys who, upon spying a ton or so of wheeled virility in the pub car park, can't help wondering between gulps of Theakston's Old Bastard, why a sane man would spend all that dosh on a car capable of pulling a ton-50, when the law says he can do only 70.

The quick answer to this is a swift knee to the legpit area, but if you fancy a non-violent alternative just tell the creep you spend a lot of time driving in Germany where even the nuns and nannies put the pedal to the metal – and keep it there.

But of course the real answer is a lot harder to fathom. On the surface of it, it *is* pretty dumb to drive machinery pushing out 300 horses when 40 would do . . . but take that argument to its horribly logical conclusion and we'd all end up with Fiat Pandas. Don't get me wrong, I don't hate Fiats, it's just that on the road their Panda is about as hot as a real Panda in heat, and you know how often that happens (maybe such reasoning explains why overseas the Golf is called the Rabbit).

We can all appreciate the appeal of power – 300 bhp sounds great, and if you lift the bonnet it looks great, too. But the speed? Can that be justified?

I know people say that sports cars are unecological and they knacker the environment, but my own feeling is that most trees are old enough to look after themselves and don't need me driving around in something naff just to make them feel good. The vegetables will just have to accept the fact that we animals are going to drive fast.

> **"I know people say that sports cars are unecological and they knacker the environment, but my own feeling is that most trees are old enough to look after themselves and don't need me driving around in something naff just to make them feel good"**

In fact, I find that speed kills more than it thrills. Travel at 140mph for more than a couple of minutes and it gets to feel like 50: boring. I know that the last time I did something seriously silly on the motorway the only excitement I had was when someone else, doing only 130, cut me up. Excitement like that I can do without.

In passing, I noticed that the dick at the wheel was also on the telephone – at 130, for Christ's sake – and I can't help wondering whether he was alerting the local accident unit, or informing his insurance brokers that he'd soon be requiring their assistance.

The appeal of speed soon wears off, but the attractions of acceleration – never! It's what some call poke and what I call secs appeal – 0-60 in five secs, not that messy business that takes place after dark. Give me a car that will really pull and I'm a happy man – and on the whole I try to look at the high top speed as a kind of no-cost bonus.

There *is* something I like about going fast – and that's dropping a cog at the kind of speed at which most others are busting a gut. It's a simple pleasure: changing down at 115 in the knowledge that if most folk tried it they'd drop a lot more than a cog. Touch the gearstick of your average hot hatchback at this speed and you'll drop a gear*box* if you're lucky – and the whole kit and caboodle if you're not.

I suppose that when it comes to 0-60 sprint times, anything under eight seconds is impressive, and anything over 8.1 boring. I once drove a little Japanese car – I shouldn't be too hard on it, it had only three cylinders – and that took 36 seconds to reach 60mph, if you could find a road that straight. Nowadays most of the hot hatchbacks are turning in 7.5s (the good ones, at any rate), which leaves them not much worse off than the serious biggies. Ferraris and the like will, if driven well, shave a second or so off that time but the five-second barrier has been left almost virgin by the road-going machinery. It's something of a magic figure, not unlike the four-minute mile in the 50s, but a recent test in one of the more serious motoring magazines has just pointed the way to the future.

In that test, a TVR (powered by a Range Rover engine, of all things, though it was hardly bog standard) hit the magic 60 in 4.3 seconds, less time than it takes to boil a fly's egg. Announced as the country's most rapidly accelerating car, this is the one we'll all be chasing. No-one *needs* to do 150mph, but from time to time we all need a kick in the pants. Having tried it out, I can tell you that's one commodity the TVR is never slow to administer.

The car in question – a TVR 390 SE – managed to outperform a Lambourghini Countach all the way to 140 mph (no mean achievement for a car powered by a modified Range Rover engine) before going on to around 160.

It's a handsome reminder that if you want to make driving fun, you don't need all that mid-engined, silicon-chip trickery. Designed with speed and enjoyment in mind, it comes equipped with a good engine, a great gearbox, race-proven suspension and a lot of fresh air. The 3.9-litre V8 pumps out not much less than 300 bhp, and – in the dry at least – the 390 SE has no problem putting that power down.

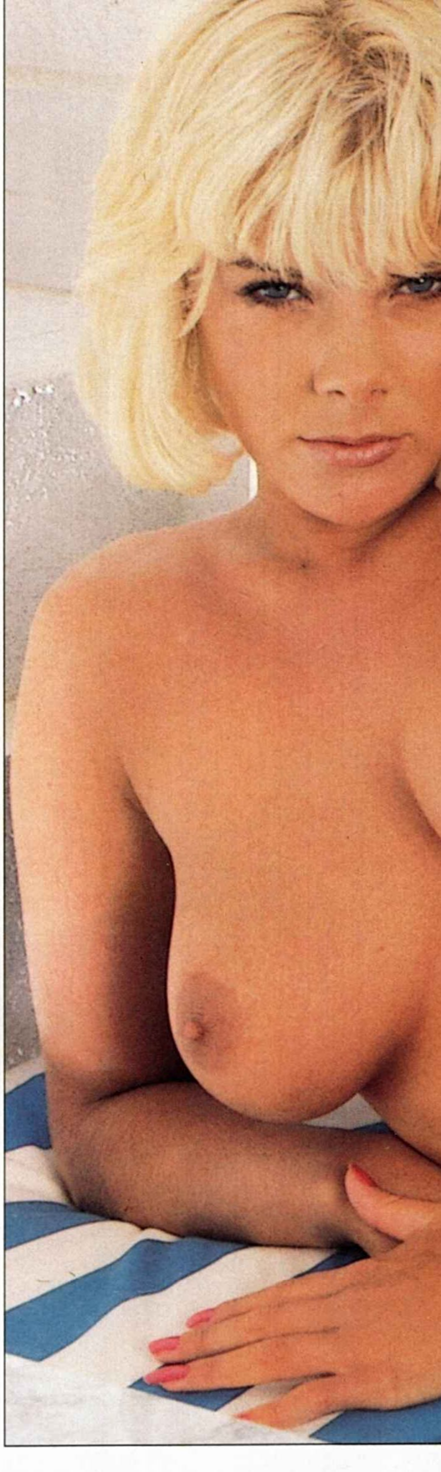
Its acceleration is smashing, forcing both driver and passenger back into their seats. When the sun shines it's a delight, and if it rains . . . well, what the hell; take the roof off and go for it anyway.

And the bad news? Well, it's built to order and you won't get much change from £22,000. About a fiver, in fact. These days, you have to pay through the nose for a boot up the bum. ♣

ANDREA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DWIGHT FOX

What right does someone like Page 3 beauty Andrea Clarke have to look so tanned, fit and healthy (not to mention highly shaggable), while the rest of us are preparing – all baggy-eyed and pallid – for the impending black gloom



of winter?

"I've just come back from a holiday in Mexico!" she cheerfully announces. "Plenty of enchiladas, lots of marguerita and lashings of

hot sun. Of course, an all-over tan is necessary in my line of business, so it goes without saying all my sunbathing was done *sans vêtements* . . . in the buff, if you prefer. To make it even better, there was someone with me to apply the old factor five, and a pretty thorough job he did, too. Sometimes he even applied it to parts of me that didn't really need it, but that's not to say it didn't feel good."

"Here's hoping for more of the same when we desert Twickenham for Australia in January."

Now, where's that duffel coat . . .? ♣

FOUL·PLAY

*Ah, hockey! That's the rather jolly little game played by hordes of gymslip-wearing schoolgirls, which no self-respecting man would even consider playing. Isn't it? Well, don't tell that to **U Watt**, 'cause he's liable to go and tell you to bully off . . .*

This month, the attention of the domestic hockey scene focuses on, of all places, Luton Town Football Club. The artificial turf at Kenilworth Road has been selected as the ideal setting for a mini-international tournament involving teams from Great Britain, Poland, Pakistan and West Germany. Sponsored by Lada Cars with ticket prices ranging from £3 to £10, the event attracts swarms of blood-crazed hockey enthusiasts rejoicing to the sound of leather upon wood and the crack of wood upon bone.

True to British tradition, national interest in the sport of maniacs soared during the World Cup a year ago as a strong England side, led by Richard Dodds and spearheaded by the deadly expertise and guile of Sean Kerly and Imran Sherwani, stormed to the final, where they were narrowly beaten by the Aussies. It was a marvellous performance by the home side but, moreover, the tournament showcased the high entertainment value of a sport which was often misconstrued as being effeminate and dull.

All of a sudden the hockey shirt replaced the rugby shirt at the head of the student fashion stakes, real ale drinkers shaved off their beards and spoke openly of the awesome goalkeeping talent of England's Ian Taylor and rumour has it that Slappits Sports of Peckham, purveyors of fine sports equipment, sold a consignment of hockey sticks and goalkeeping "kickers" to the Millwall Bushwackers at a specially arranged price – although this couldn't be confirmed.

My strongest recollection from my playing days is of the almost schizophrenic sway in emotions that would grip my mind and body as balls (there always seemed to be more than one) whizzed past my ears and knackers at speeds ranging from bloody fast to "fuck me! 'ave a look, ref!" One minute I'd be cowering in the grip of terror, the next minute I'd be hurtling towards some unfortunate victim with red mist in my eyes and nothing short of murder on my mind.

He strolled confidently up to the corner flag and asked it for a dance . . .

I played in defence, which is definitely the worst place to play – especially if you've forgotten your gloves, because it gets bloody cold in the hockey season. In my left-back days I ran the gauntlet of crippling bodily harm from both the front and the rear. While over-zealous, sadistic schoolmasters were screaming at me to run flat out to block the line of fire of the striker at short corners, I was just waiting for the moment when my own goalkeeper would come thundering out in a blind frenzy and kick me right up in the air.

Goalkeepers are definitely the worst threat to the welfare of any hockey player. In fact, in my list of people to stay well clear of at all cost, hockey goalkeepers rank just below the Millwall Bushwackers. Togged up to resemble a cross between a baseball back-stop and a shire horse, you sometimes forget there's a person behind that mask . . . until they start moving, at which point it's time to run, very fast in a perpendicular direction. I sustained my worst ever hockey injury, a demolished fingernail, courtesy of my own goalkeeper, in a pre-match warm up. Whoever decided to let them carry a stick must have been a complete lunatic. Or a goalkeeper.

Fortunately for the modern player, there have been some rule changes since my day which are designed to make the hockey pitch a much safer place to play. There is an 18-inch backboard in the goals and this must be struck when shooting at a short corner. What this basically means is that the ball must be kept low. Much more recently, the powers that be have decreed that the aerial ball into the "D" (goal area) is now illegal. If only we'd had that one in my day.

I remember a contemporary of mine at school, a keen footballer, playing in his first-ever game of hockey. Stationed at sweeper, he hadn't touched the ball all day when the opposition lifted a high cross into the area. Blissfully unaware of the density of the ball, the novice screamed "MINE", flung himself ten feet through the air and headed the ball clear to the halfway line, knocking himself unconscious in the process. On regaining consciousness he strolled confidently up to the corner flag and asked it for a dance. Our teacher looked concerned. "He's crazy," he said. "Put him in goal."

Of course, your Sean Kerlys and Imran Sherwanis of this world have sussed out the basic principles of self-preservation and can dodge a potentially nut-cracking clearance with a casual flick of the hips. Not for them the agony of splintered shin bone, the bruises resembling anything from archery targets to a midsummer sunset in Hawaii.

The hockey played at Luton between the 9th and 11th October is a game of subtlety, grace and extraordinary skill. I often wonder how a thing of such beauty ever evolved from the game I knew at school. And then I think, Christ! That sounds a bit pretentious. I'd better go and have some lunch. ♣

PHUTT!
ADIDIKE
HARDMAN

HARD·NEWS

THE · PAPER · WITH · BALLS

Edited by Colin Jeffery and Paul Dunn

Every month, in throbbing ten-inch columns, we bring you the news stories that got away.

SHEIKH-UP

POLICE in Atlantic City, New Jersey, are dressing up as Arab sheikhs to trap prostitutes. Captain Peter Mucci reported that the local jail was full within a few hours. *(Globe)*

SEXY SLIP

NEW York private eye Donny Hopkirk is shamefaced. After confirming a wife's suspicions that her husband was having an affair, he sent his intimate report to the man – and the bill to the wife. *(Washington Post)*

BELLE OF THE BAWL

A CONTEST to find the wife who could shout at her husband most convincingly has been held in America.

The 300-dollar first prize went to a 34-year-old blonde, married for 12 years, with: "This is the last time you tell me damned lies about that woman!" She accompanied her tirade with threatening gestures and a shotgun at the shouting match, in Clinton Town, Oklahoma. *(Oklahoma Review)*

IN TOO DEEP

AT THE ripe old age of 84, Dominga Faia, of Entrocamento in Portugal, decided to be baptised in readiness for his wedding. An hour after he was baptised, he was married. Two hours later he died in the arms of his bride. *(National Examiner)*

THE THRILL OF IT ALL

IN Afghanistan, widow Rissa Nasrul died at the age of 101, on the eve of her eighth wedding.

Her prospective bridegroom – aged 48 – commented: "I guess the prospect was too exciting for her." *(National Examiner)*

ALL EYES ON DECK

A MARSEILLES court fined French sailor Claude Heriot 1000 francs for wandering about naked on his ship, while it was in port. Police claimed crowds of gaping girls were causing an obstruction on the jetty. *(Parade)*

FIAT FROLICS

MAKING love in a car is now legal in Italy. For years, courting couples had risked jail. But a court in Lucca has ruled otherwise.

The judge said that, provided the couple pick somewhere secluded, they cannot be guilty of public indecency. The police now lay themselves open to charges of voyeurism. *(Roma)*

SNEEZE NO GOOD

WEST German snuff-taking champion Gunther Nesbeda (one-fifth of an ounce in 60 seconds) has retired undefeated. His girlfriend complained that his sneezes ruined their romantic moments. *(Sun)*

SLEEPY SUITOR

PEGGY Sinclair, a Scottish schoolteacher, had no fewer than 12 men wanting to marry her. She decided that a man with a good memory would be an asset, so agreed to marry the first of her suitors who could recite, word-perfect, a 1500-line extract from *Romeo and Juliet*.

All made an attempt, but the first 11 failed to pass the test. The 12th completed the last few lines in a very sleepy voice, then dropped into a deep sleep. He had sat up every night for a week learning the lines. *(Sunday Sun)*

A STRIP OF DANISH

IF YOU want to get ahead in the firm, have your wife take up stripping. That seems to be the message from a group of Danish shipping executives, following their recent annual dinner and dance in a leading Copenhagen hotel. It was announced that the strip dancer booked as part of the cabaret was unable to appear because of illness. So two of the guests' wives volunteered to put on an impromptu show.

Four days later, the firm announced that the two vacant posts on the board had been filled. Surprise, surprise, it was the two men whose wives had so thrillingly entertained the assembly. A spokesman for the firm explained: "We like to feel our directors will not be involved in scandal because of domestic troubles. With such beautiful and talented women for their wives it is extremely unlikely that the promoted men will look elsewhere for love." *(National Enquirer)*

TOTTING UP THE FIGURES

AMERICAN beauty Susan Oliver had a brainwave when she caught a peeping Tom spying on her scantily-clad keep-fit pupils. "Let the men look all they want," she told the shapely girls, "but let's make them pay for the privilege."

Now the lovely Los Angeles girls charge men £2 a head for coming in to see the fun. *(Los Angeles Times)*

ROMEO GETS THE BIRD

SPANISH Romeo Jose Cado promised to marry 14 girls, all named Anita. Each thought that the "Anita" tattooed on his wrist referred to her. But then they all turned up at his flat near Valencia after hearing he had been fined for a traffic offence. They wanted to give him the money. Instead, they started fighting. While police broke up the brawl, Jose diplomatically packed his bags and left town. The 14 furious Anitas are still looking for him. *(Globe)*

Send us your sex-crazed newspaper cuttings, and we'll pay a crisp tenner for every one used. On top of that, the intrepid reader who supplies our lead story will receive a year's subscription and a sack of uncensored Club goodies. Write to Hard News, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

TOP TITS

Yeeeee – hah! It's me, Gary Garbonza, steaming into Club to present a new regular selection of beautiful, bounteous, blood-boiling boobs!

Since being employed as fun-bag correspondent on this illustrious organ I've had to sweat my way through the biggest vault of bouncing bazookas in the entire globe. And it ain't been easy.

Since there are so many, we file them by type – Fleshy, Pert, Graspable, Sandy, Dusky and so on. I got lost for three days in the Upturned section. Nothing to eat but an old cheese sandwich and the filing clerk. Terrible.

But enough of my troubles (*Quite – Ed*). Here, in no particular order and for no particular reason, are six of what I think are the best breasts around.

And after all that we've still just got room for my special message to any well-built girls out there who were thinking of sending in shots of their mamms: "CORR! GISSA FLASH THEN, GIRLS!"

Back to the vault for me then. Ciao.

Gary Garbonza

IN·THE·BAG

continued from page 9

flings. I explained they left me unfulfilled as, being so young, we were sexually inexperienced.

"I really would enjoy showing you the ropes . . . so long as this remains our little secret," came an airy whisper in response. I was struck. My balls turned to fire, my pulse raced, I began to quiver and feel excited.

Marian slid along to my end of the settee whilst her knee-length skirt rode up to expose her beautiful thighs, her black stocking tops and suspender straps. Oooh! It acted as an aphrodisiac, pouring molten gold down my spine to my balls.

We looked each other in the eye while Marian began to unbutton her blouse to reveal an orgasmic pair of bronzed 36B breasts, unrestricted by a bra.

My hand brushed up her shapely leg, past her stocking tops around to her largish rump. Her hand brushed my hair back and fell to my crotch to unzip me. With the smell of love juices in my nostrils, we stood up and undressed each other until I was left in my boxer shorts and she in her stockings and lace/silk suspender belt. My sexual state was obvious, with my knob pressing hard against my boxer shorts.

Marian kneeled in front of me, slowly flicked her hair to one side, and put a warm hand inside to entice my knob out. It sprang into her face, huge and needing to be sucked off. Marian looked up, grinning, and took my rod into her mouth and began to suck while I held her head and gently pumped. After only a few seconds I erupted, and my semen filled her mouth as she gulped it down.

I collapsed in a writhing mass on my back to find Marian had straddled me and was rubbing her full, firm tits in my face. Soon I was stiff again. Marian took hold of my cock, squatted, and rubbed my purple head against her dripping lips before slowly sinking on to me. Then she bent forward and rode me while I kneaded her arse and stroked her stockings. We kissed, the tempo increased, her tits hung swinging like udders as cunt juices dripped on to me to soak my boxer shorts – which she insisted I keep on.

With a final thrust, I arched my back and ejaculated deep into her. She moaned as she shook in climax.

Needless to say, since that day about seven months ago I have seen Marian fairly often. She is putting me through her newly-devised "superstud" syllabus! I hope it will never end.

Mark, Coventry

PS: I also have noticed a great many adverts in Club for lads looking for older female sex tutors – good luck to them! Do many women enjoy this type of friendship? I have heard of a few other examples, but the helpful tutors – well, tutoresses – remain nameless.

Fare Prospects

I am a mini-cab driver, and until recently my experiences had been mainly unexciting.

The other night, however, I got a call to pick up a girl at a local disco. When I arrived she seemed a little upset, and as I drove her home, she explained she had had a row with her boyfriend and had left him at the disco.

When we arrived at her destination I told her the fare was £4.50. She then told me she hadn't got any money. I was just about to read her the riot act when she said she would pay me in kind. Well, she was very attractive – slim with blonde, curly hair. I said OK and suggested we get in the back of the car.

Once in the back, she pulled her panties off. I told her to give them to me, which she did. I sniffed them long and hard; they were sweaty and the crotch was heavily-stained with pussy juice. I pulled my trousers and pants down and my prick sprang to attention. I told her to climb on and ride me. She did and she was soon bobbing up and down

continued on page 84

TAPED!

*Take one **Allan Bryce** and seven videos, mix, and what do you get? More drool for your spool! More shape for your tape! More rub for your dub! And some right old tosh as well.*

Has Sly Stallone blown it? The Italian Stallion may be getting around $12,000,000 a time for appearing in Cannon fodder like *Over The Top*, but who the hell wants to see a movie about arm wrestling, anyway? Anyone who enjoyed the macho star's strutting performance as "Machine Gun Joe Viterbo" in the 1975 Roger Corman classic *Death Race 2000* will surely agree that Sly has been on a downward roll ever since. And now, the ultimate indignity, canny Hollywood producers are beginning to send the best scripts to his brother, Frank.

You remember Frank, don't you? He's the one who warbled that memorable chart-buster *Peace In Our Life* over the end title credits of *Rambo*. Okay, so he's no Matt Monro (although there is a passing resemblance), but this guy knows what Joe Public wants. Listen to the plot of his latest movie, a snappy little number entitled **The Pink Chiquitas**: America's greatest private eye, Tony Mareda Jr (Stallone), goes to Beansville U.S.A. to save the world from an army of erotic Amazons created by a pink pulsating meteorite.

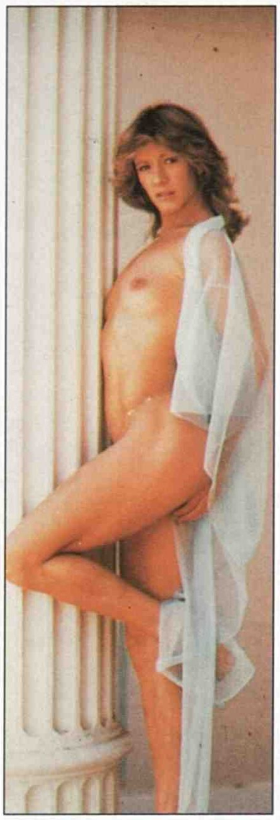
It's a classically simple story, but the makers have imbued it with all the style and grace of such previous cult treats as *The Wild Women of Wongo* and *Cat Women of the Moon*. It sets movie special effects back a decade, but who cares when the women are so sexy and Frank is so laid-back and super-cool. We couldn't allow a masterpiece like this to go by unheralded, so we're giving away ten copies in a competition in this very issue. Check out page 96 for details. Relatives of Sylvester Stallone are not eligible to enter . . .

Let's get serious for a minute now, with a classy, sexy French film called **Betty Blue**. This is the latest movie from the acclaimed Jean-Jacques Beineix, who startled the world with the glossy thriller *Diva* and then disappointed us with *The Moon In The Gutter*. Here, he's most definitely back on form, telling the story of how a timid repairman named Zorg (sounds like he comes from the same planet as those Pink Chiquitas) has his life irrevocably altered by his steamy affair with the luscious Betty (played by the delightful Beatrice Dalle).

The opening shot tracks in on the two of them as they engage in a hectic bout of what we film scholars call serious bonking (I believe the French have a word for it, too). But unlike many sexy movies, this one concentrates on strong characterisation and storyline, heightening the erotic impact of what's happening on screen.

*Titanic Toni, showing why she hogs most of the conversation in **Boob Talk***

The plot is full of delightful surprises, and it's probably best you discover them for yourself. Suffice to say that after more hectic humping, the carnal couple take off for Paris to attempt to get Zorg's first novel published, and once there they meet a memorable gallery of eccentrics.



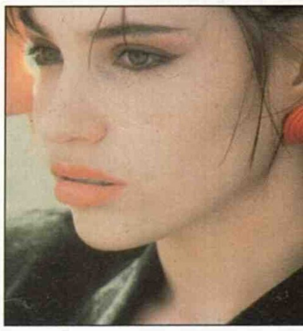
*Above and right: An insatiable 3 from **Insatiable 2***

Packed full of real Gallic charm that recalls the best of Truffaut, this memorable tale of distracted love and obsessive living could easily become an erotic classic of the 80s. If only Frank Stallone had been in it as well . . .

Of course it may be that you prefer your crumpet served up without garlic, in which case wrap your minces around **Stunners**, an hour-long look at the girls who pose prettily between the covers of the less sophisticated of our Wapping organs. If you like reading newspapers whose headlines scream out such earth-shattering proclamations as "Nympho Nun And Randy Vicar Abscond With Organ Fund", then no doubt you will already be familiar with some of the talent on display here: there's delectable Debee Ashby, a beautiful blonde bombshell with nipples so large you could hang your hat on them (I thought it was a bit ungentlemanly of the cameraman to actually do so), and there's lovely Lu Varley, another adorable creature whose chest measurements would overload most pocket calculators.

We see the girls posing for the sort of pictures that cause us fellas to spread marmalade on our ties at the breakfast table ("That'll get 'em crunching their cornflakes," chuckles the photographer, playing with his zoom as Debee shoves her ample chest forward). Then after a while we are shown the other side of the glamour industry: the disreputable model agencies, the seedy strip clubs, the appearances in Club (only joking, Ed, honest) and the kissogram companies that expect their girls to give clients more than just a peck on the cheek. Mind you, for 50 quid a throw I think they are probably right to expect at least a knee-trembler . . .

More intimate scenes from the lives of glamour girls can be found in **Boob Talk**, which consists of a series of frank (no, not Stallone) interviews with well-known faces (and forms) like our own Linzi Drew. "It's hot in here, isn't it?" she says to the cameraman – "I think I'll take my breasts out . . ." And take them out she does,

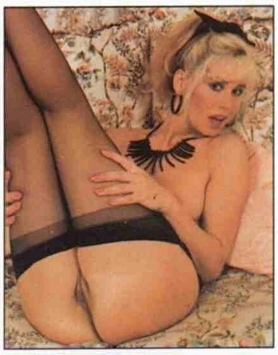


Betty . . . Blue by name, and certainly blue by nature.

almost giving the poor lad a couple of black eyes in the process – serves him right for standing so close. Linzi then proceeds to tell us all about her modelling background in a fresh and natural way while the scene shifts to her bedroom and a steamy bit of action with a vibrator . . .

After Linzi, we get to witness the blue antics of Titanic Toni Francis. She's got more front than Brighton and is totally candid in describing her sexual fantasies. At one point she even grabs the cameraman to demonstrate her favourite hobby – tonsil polishing. I hope he brought a hanky.

Then comes (and I use the word advisedly) Lynn Armitage, a down-to-earth Lancashire lass with a great pair of bazonkas, and the fabulous Marie Harper, a slim, natural blonde who strokes herself intimately while confessing that she likes men with big cocks. I've got a henhouse full of them, Marie – shall we make it my place or yours?

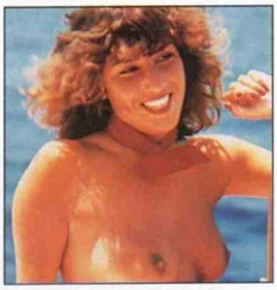


Get rubbing, guys – she likes men with big cocks . . .

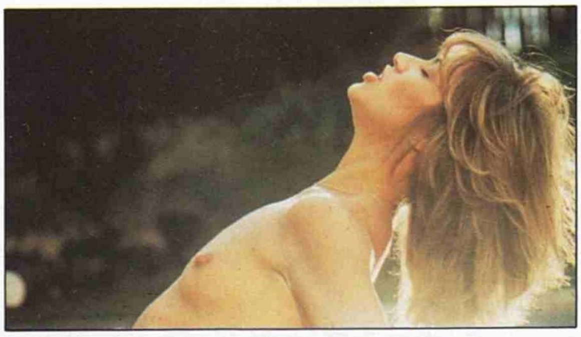
Next we come to a sizzling double bill of two tapes featuring that queen of the blues, Marilyn Chambers – a girl who has surely had more pricks than a second hand dartboard. In **Up 'N' Coming** she plays aspiring country and western singer Cassie Harland, who lands a job as the opening act of a tour headed by superstar Althea Anderson (Lisa De Leeuw). Also along for the ride (literally) are such well-known adult movie stars as John Holmes (the man with the biggest Brighton Rock in the business), Herschel Savage and Richard Pacheco. Well cut-down from a hardcore feature, it still offers 67 minutes of (in)decent action.

Up 'N' Coming has an 18 certificate, but **Insatiable 2** bears a stronger 18R and is thus able to show Marilyn getting up to all sorts of naughtiness as she re-enacts the role of Sandra Chase, the infamous actress/model heroine of *Insatiable 1*. The story has her being interviewed by horny journalist Juliet Anderson about her past indiscretions, which is a cue for lots of steamy flashbacks featuring just about every sort of sexual activity known to man (and woman). Hustler magazine called it 100 per cent erect, and I wouldn't argue with them.

Finally, we have **Nurses Of The 407th**, which turns out to be an adult movie version of *M.A.S.H.*, featuring characters like Jaybird, Specs and the frigid Hot Hips (the latter played by porn favourite Jessie St James). It's not as funny as the television show or the original movie (and the canned laughter on the soundtrack is annoying), but there's lots of fairly explicit 18R action on display, and if you like seeing gorgeous girls slipping in and out of nurse's outfits, then this is a better bet to light your candle than your average episode of *Angels* or *St Elsewhere*.♣



Above and below: ***Up 'N' Coming*** *– and there's every chance you will be, too.*



Betty Blue: *CBS/Fox Video, Perivale Industrial Estate, Greenford, Middlesex UB6 7RU.* Boob Talk: *Bounce Promotions, Office 5, 551 Pinner Road, North Harrow, Middlesex HA2 6EQ.* Stunners: *Strand Films International, P.O. Box 26, Hove, Sussex.* Nurses Of The 407th, Insatiable 2 *and* Up 'N' Coming: *Rogue Video, VPD, G.E.C. Estate, East Lane, Wembley, Middlesex HA9 7FF.* Pink Chiquitas: *Hi-Pressure Video, 1 Bedford Avenue, London WC1 3DT.*

Above and below: ***Nurses Of The 407th*** *at work and play (although, to these ladies, they're one and the same).*

UNCOVERED

Do sex manuals really teach you anything useful?
Chris Lloyd *doubts it . . .*

Gay Talese once described Alex Comfort, MD, PhD, as admirably surnamed and "a rarity in the medical profession, one who brought a bedside manner to an orgy". Good credentials, perhaps. As a participating sex researcher and obstetrician with four fingers on one hand missing, Comfort was advocating condoms long before people knew enough to take the piss out of them.

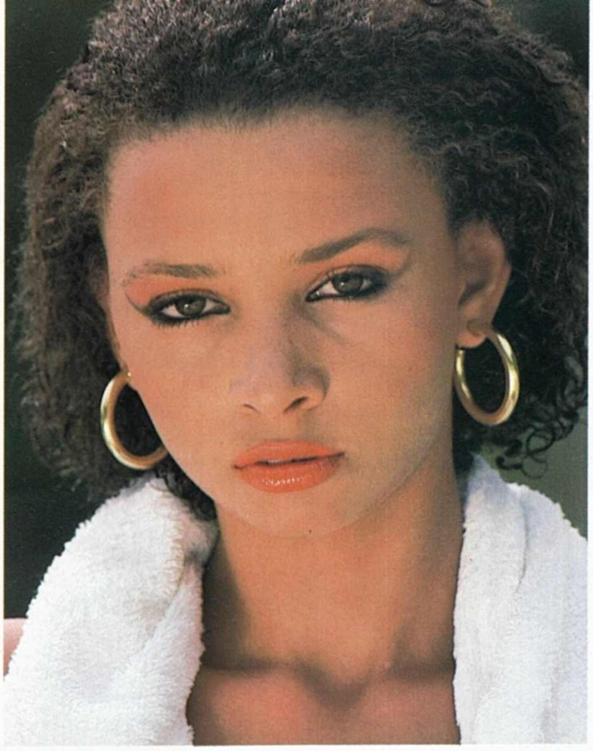
He's famous for two books, *The Joy Of Sex* (a 'how' manual) and the other, recently reprinted, **More Joy Of Sex** (Mitchell Beazley, £12.95) which tackles the 'why' notion. During the '70s, when he wrote this, he was optimistic about sexual practices. "We are using our equipment," he mused, "on the analogy of a quadraphonic stereo, to play music, not to see what noises it is capable of making." However, like many who have pioneered and provoked certain alterations in erotic behaviour, Comfort is having to backtrack a little to accommodate a shift in morality. He is, on the analogy of interior decoration, learning that wallpaper stripping has to stop, if only when there are no more layers to peel and the wall itself is a trifle damp.

Sex is the most difficult human activity to describe or talk about, and anxiety about it is seldom, if ever, stopped by consultation with the printed word. For instance, if you're male and your cock is going soft at the wrong moments, you're hardly likely to be soothed by a sentence which begins: "Probably the best plan is to shift interest to something which matters, namely a sensitive ability to turn on and satisfy a woman with or without an erection." Sounds a bit like defeat, already.

Dr Ruth Westheimer deals with the same subject on television, and now inside **Dr Ruth's Guide To Good Sex** (Virgin, £3.50), purely on the no-nonsense level. As one colleague puts it: "She doesn't mince words."

This diminutive grey-haired old lady approaches explicit sexuality like Barbara Woodhouse approaches her dogs.

Advice is always tricky. In sex matters, it makes good copy, but the focus is off. It's like waking up in a cold sweat from a nightmare, only to be told that all the things you've just been dreaming about – gargoyles, gynaecologists, the tequila worm from *Poltergeist II* – don't actually exist. But they do♣

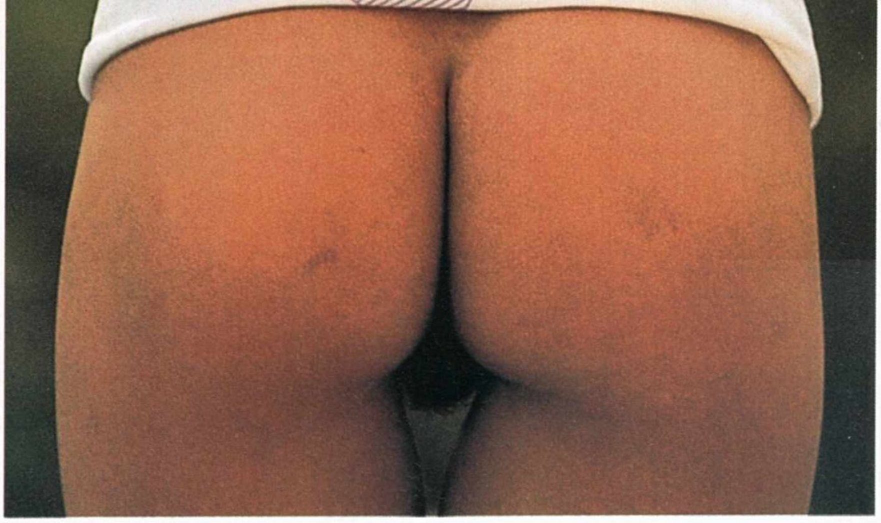


Mel & Kim's
MELANIE APPLEBY

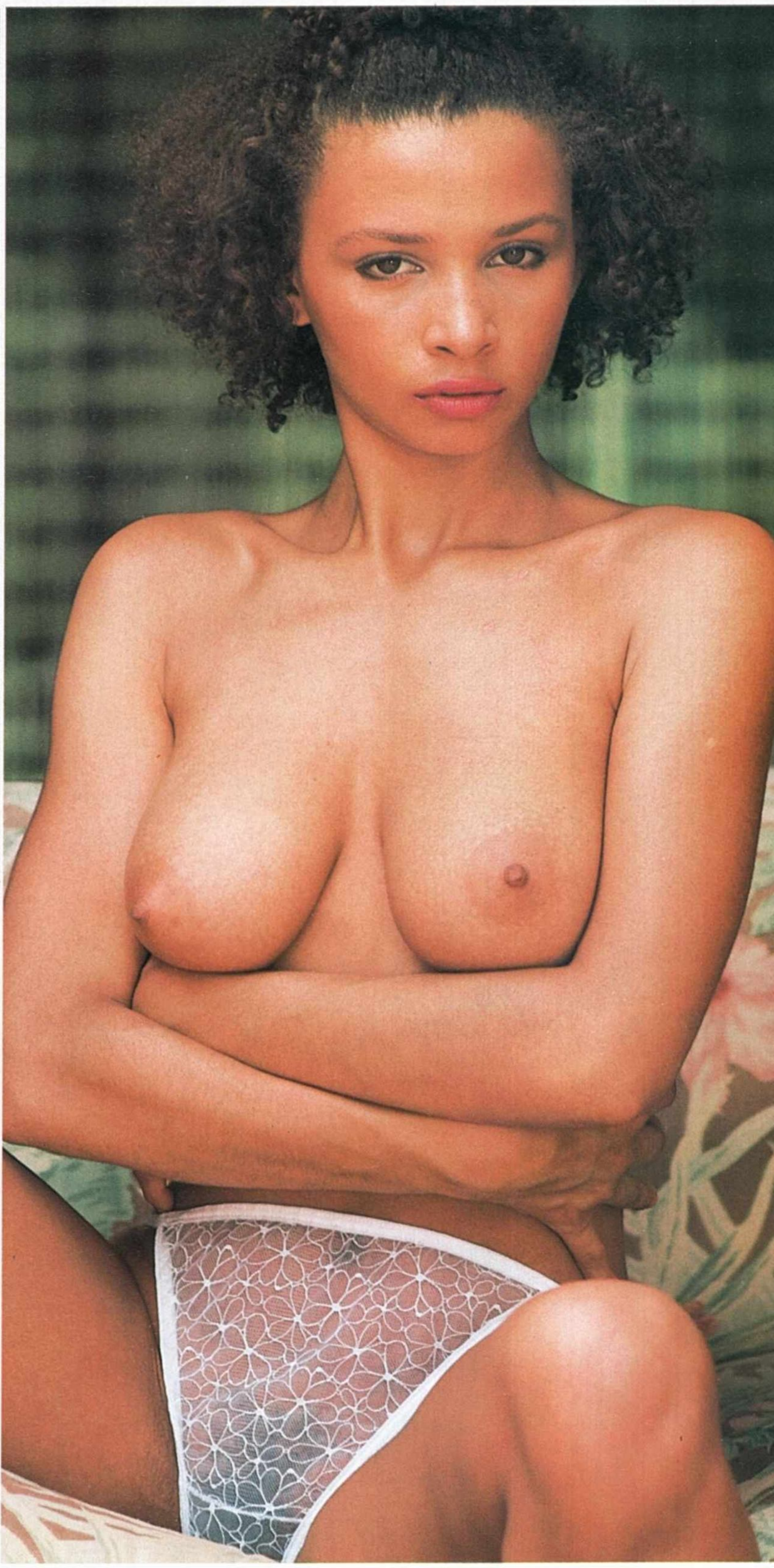
Here she is – the page three girl turned pop star who, along with her sister, set the nation's dance floors alight with *Respectable,* then *Fun, Love, Money* and now *I'm The One Who Really Loves You.* This set of pictures, never published before, shows

what chirpy Eastender Melanie Appleby is really made of!

When funk duo Mel & Kim first hit number one with *Respectable* their record company tried to ignore Mel's modelling past. But she



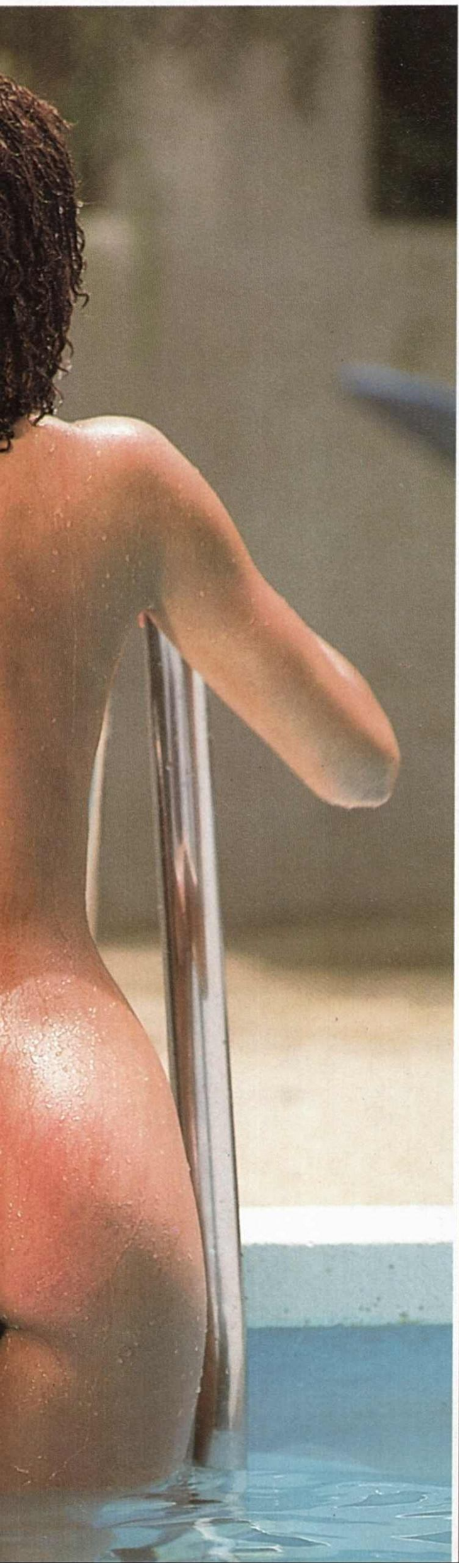
definitely shouldn't be ashamed of this exclusive set of photographs: they were taken by the man who discovered her, the *Star*'s page seven photographer Harry Ormesher – a man with one of the biggest



le coq sportif
BODY CLUB

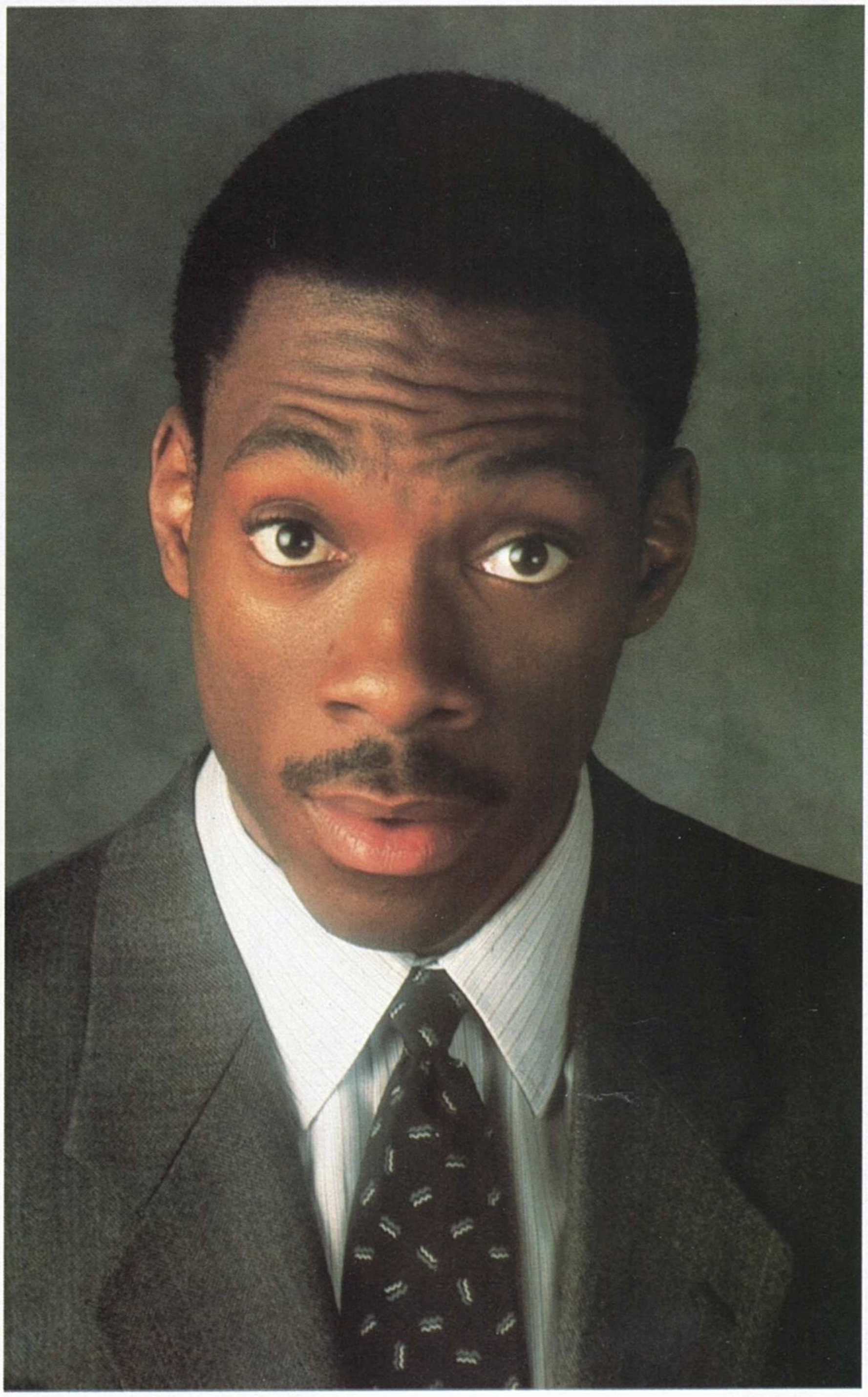
reputations in the business!

At the time of going to press, Mel's still recovering from a nasty back problem – but you can expect to see her on your screens dancing to *I'm The One Who Really Loves You* any time now. So just turn to Top of the Pops, sit back in your armchair and keep this Club nude exclusive by your side. Then you'll see why Mel & Kim sing: "We ain't never gonna be respectable!"♣



Eddie Murphy

By Michael Perry



© Mary Ellen Mark/Visages and Colorific!

While filming the now legendary *Beverly Hills Cop* back in July 1984, Eddie Murphy noticed the slick new Ferrari the producer of the film, Don Simpson, had parked nearby. Eddie strolled over to Simpson, borrowed a quarter off him, marched to the nearest telephone booth . . . and ordered one exactly like it.

At the time he was already the proud owner of a $43,000 Porsche 928 and a gleaming $36,000 Jaguar . . . but so what? He knew he was going to earn the sort of money that would allow him to buy the companies, let alone the cars.

Since *Beverly Hills Cop* earned a staggering total at the box-office – $350 million to date, setting up a record as the highest-grossing film comedy hit of all time – Eddie has appeared in a series of other highly successful films including *Best Defense*, *The Golden Child* and, of course, the inevitable *Beverly Hills Cop II*. He was paid a cool $8 million for that one – not counting his percentage of the gross takings, either.

For a man who's worth that sort of money, Murphy is a strange mixture of the cocky and the insecure. He obviously hasn't quite worked out his own attitude to his own success:

"Stardom," he says, "is kind of scary because this star stuff isn't necessarily constant. My own film, *Best Defense*, didn't do all that well – at least, not as well as some of the others. With all that money your taste for certain things becomes more elaborate, and you get used to having everything you want real quick, so thinking about not having those things you've become used to is real scary."

However, if ability is insurance, Eddie Murphy has no reason to worry about ever losing his precious luxuries. Only a few years ago, he was definitely without them; as a struggling 19-year-old stand-up comedian, hop-scotching from one New York night club to another trying to find work . . . often making less than $250 a week. Talent has taken him a long way. And he says he wants to go further.

Not content with stardom, this 25-year-old cocky kid from Roosevelt, New York, reckons he can become a legend. How big? Well, somewhere along the lines of his own Number One idol, the late Elvis Presley. "Elvis was the greatest entertainer who ever lived," Murphy says. "The girls wanted to fuck him and the guys said: 'Damn, I'd like to be like him'."

It seems a bit of a tall order to want to step into Presley's boots. It might even seem a bit on the pompous side. During our meeting, I mentioned this to Murphy.

He smiled.

"There's no such thing in this business as someone who is successful *and* humble," he said with disarming honesty.

Apart from cars, he has weaknesses for clothes, gold jewellery and telephones. By all accounts he still doesn't smoke, drink alcohol or do drugs. But he *does* like women. For a long time he was "engaged" to Puerto Rican beauty Lisa Figueroa, but she is now a thing of the past. Earlier, when Murphy announced his engagement to another girl, nobody took him seriously. "He's getting married like I'm going to the moon," said his manager, Bob Wachs.

"There's no such thing in this business as someone who is successful* and *humble."

Of late he has been seeing model Beverly Johnson . . . but as any visitor to his home in Englewood Cliffs can testify, there always seems to be a group of very attractive, very beautiful and very sexy young ladies in attendance; ladies Murphy has acquired "from somewhere" who sit quietly in the corner "until needed".

Ask him about the large number of people clustering around him wherever he goes, as numerous and protective as Elvis's Memphis Mafia, and he shrugs them off with: "They're all old friends of mine. All my old friends are working for me now. Just so's they get their paychecks, they'll say and do anything I want them to say and do." An odd kind of friendship.

Out in public he constantly needs bodyguards. Even a police guard is sometimes not enough. Once when he was signing autographs in a record store in Washington, the fans became so eager that they managed to push one of the cops guarding him right through a plate glass window.

Murphy's favourite hangout in Los Angeles is Carlos and Charlese's on the Sunset Strip. If he spots a beauty there, he sends over a friend to inform the girl: "Eddie Murphy wants to talk to you . . ." The girl usually responds.

It happens the other way around, too. "I get all kinds of propositions from all kinds of women," he admits seemingly shyly. "I don't look for a certain type of woman and I'm not choosy . . . as long as she doesn't have big feet. I don't dig big feet."

Has being black ever seriously hampered his career or upset his private moments?

"There's very little anger in my humour," he says. "I've been called 'nigger' only once in my life. In Hollywood there are few good roles for black actors. Talented people like Billy Dee Williams and Howard Rollins don't get the good parts that white actors get. They seem to have a new white actor, a new hot rod every month.

"Richard Pryor and I only get roles because we're funny. People – white people – don't seem to be threatened by black hot rods as long as they're funny. Because comedy affects everybody, even the white guys don't sit there in the audience worrying about his woman fancying a black funnyman . . ."

Having grown up in relative poverty, Murphy still harbours some pain from the past – but it seldom shows. Born in New York, his parents separated when he was only three years old and soon afterwards his mother was taken ill and spent a long time in hospital. He and his brother Charles were put into the care of a foster mother. "She was a kind of black Nazi," Murphy remembers.

He spent much of his childhood in front of the TV set doing impressions of Laurel and Hardy, Tom and Jerry and Bugs Bunny. At 15 he made his first stage appearance when he did an impression of singer Al Green at a local youth centre in Roosevelt, Long Island, where the little family had moved after his mother was released from hospital.

"That night changed my life," he now says. "I looked out at that audience . . . they seemed to like me . . . and I knew that I was going to be in showbiz for the rest of my life."

"Don't call me an actor. I'm a LIAR. That's all acting is – lying."

In his early days he used to pinch some material from his idol, Richard Pryor, and presented it as "A Tribute to Richard Pryor". In 1983 he finally met up with Pryor; it happened during a plane journey. They became firm friends. "Richard has offered me all kinds of advice," Murphy says, "and he was very generous and very kind to me. Our comedy is different. I think I'm kinda funny when I'm the guy who tries to fight back. Richard is funny when he plays the victim. I hope that when we reach the 1990s funny black guys will be on top of the heap – and that would sure be a nice progression."

But how does he see himself today? A screen superstar or . . .?

"I am my own strictest critic," he says. "Basically I still see myself as a stand-up comedian, a performer. I don't think of myself as a movie actor or a movie star. Do you know what . . .? I still get a kick out of actually seeing myself on the screen."

Would he like to go on acting in blockbuster movies?

"I only like being in films because I sometimes think that I'd get a real kick out of seeing myself on late-night television when I'm 70 years old, and I'll hear someone say: 'Hey, look at Eddie Murphy! Didn't he look young then?' I suppose I'll always act as if I'm 22 years old."

How has success affected him – apart from being able to afford just about anything his heart desires?

"I don't think anything has changed in my life that I can't handle," he says. "Things happened fast, I know, but I can deal with it. There was a time when I could walk down any street unrecognized and

Murphy's idea of bliss – so long as they're size 5 or under . . .

© Leroy Woodson Jnr/Wheeler Pictures and Colorific!

© Leroy Woodson Jnr/Wheeler Pictures and Colorific!

Above: A labour of love. Below: All smiles in Beverly Hills Cop 2.

in peace. I enjoyed that, although I didn't really realize it at the time. Now there are people following me wherever I go. Even when I'm out driving in one of my cars, people want me to pull over and talk. The only drawback to meeting up with fame and success at such an early age is that I had to do all of my growing up in public . . ."

Which was his favourite screen character to date?

> ***"I get all kinds of propositions from women. I don't look for a certain type of woman and I'm not choosy . . . as long as she doesn't have big feet."***

"I think the cop in *Beverly Hills Cop*," he says. "I think I can play that cop forever. I really enjoy him and I'm grateful audiences seem to feel the same."

It's a funny thing, fame in Hollywood: when they reckon you're *really* big, they make you into an animated cartoon for prime-time TV. That's just happened to Murphy, and it's going to mean another big pay-off in hot dollars all round.

He has also emerged as the author of a new screenplay which he calls *The Key* ("It's a sort of Magnificent Seven in Hell," he explains). And after *Beverly Hills Cop II* there will be a concert movie, *Eddie Murphy Raw*, which should be on release by Christmas 1987.

"Not bad for a middle-class black Catholic boy," reckons Murphy, who goes out of his way to keep his feet on the ground.

"I do all the normal things around my home," he says – a twinkle in his eye. Do we believe him or don't we? "I have no butler, no servants. I wash my own cars, clean my own bathroom, iron my own clothes and make my own bed. I'm really enjoying it all, man! Success has not freaked me. It's just the carphones which are my one big weakness. And jewellery; I can't resist gold."

The collection of cars has grown. Apart from the Porsche and the Ferrari, he also owns – and cleans? – a Rolls-Royce, a white limousine and a Spartan which is a custom-made little thing that looks as if it was designed for pimps. Then there are two Mercedes stuck away somewhere, too.

When he moved to his new luxury mansion in Alpine, New Jersey – an almost exclusively white, upper-class town – the collection of cars caused some comment from the white neighbours.

"One came over to complain about the cars in the driveway," says Murphy, as he gives an imitation of the stiff-lipped caller. "How many people live in this house? There are too many cars in the driveway. We have town ordinances, you know . . ."

The mansion also sports a pool, a tennis court, a Jacuzzi, five bathrooms to go with the five bedrooms, a white grand piano, plenty of highly tasteful furniture, and plenty of highly tasteful women to sit on it.

"I like women in general. I especially like women who are younger than me," he says. "I like pretty faces, pretty figures and pretty feet."

This foot thing again. Are big feet the only thing that really puts him off?

"No. I also don't like corns on feet . . . I hate that! I also hate cigarette breath. I see women beautiful beyond compare, but if they smoke, I will not approach them. I also don't do drugs."

Why? In Hollywood drugs seem to be part of the scene, especially cocaine. "I don't preach about it," he says. "I don't take alcohol and I have never touched cocaine. My friends do drugs and if they enjoy it, fine. I have no need to be high. I have nothing to run away from."

His mother Lillian now works as a telephone operator. His stepfather, Vernon Lynch, works for an ice cream factory and his real father, Charles, was a city transit policeman who was stabbed to death by his girlfriend when Edward Regan Murphy was only eight years old.

"That was the only real tragedy in my life," says Eddie, "losing my real father at that age. But . . . he was a victim of the Murphy charm, I guess," he adds with a wry smile. When he laughs, it is his famous laugh known to screen audiences; a kind of mating call of a randy rhino, or a happy cross between a goose and a stopped-up vacuum cleaner.

Why doesn't he take his "acting" seriously?

"I don't even call it acting," he reponds. "I'm not impressed with the whole acting groove. It doesn't blow my mind to be considered an 'actor'. The whole respect thing that actors get is bullshit. Don't call me an actor. I'm a LIAR. That's all acting is. Lying. You turn the cameras on and you make the tears run down your cheeks. 'All my sons are dying,' you say, and if you're a good liar the audience believes you."

His plans for the future?

"By the time I'm 30 I'd like to be a writer," he says. "I would also like to produce films and direct. I will also be editing scores for movies. Maybe I'll also be starring in some."

> ***"There's very little anger in my humour. I've been called 'nigger' only once in my life."***

He pauses a while – then adds: "If I can do all that by the time I'm 30, I'll just become an old Jew and move to Florida . . ."♣

SHOOT your girl

Need some help with those personal pics?
Well call us, and we'll send in the professionals!

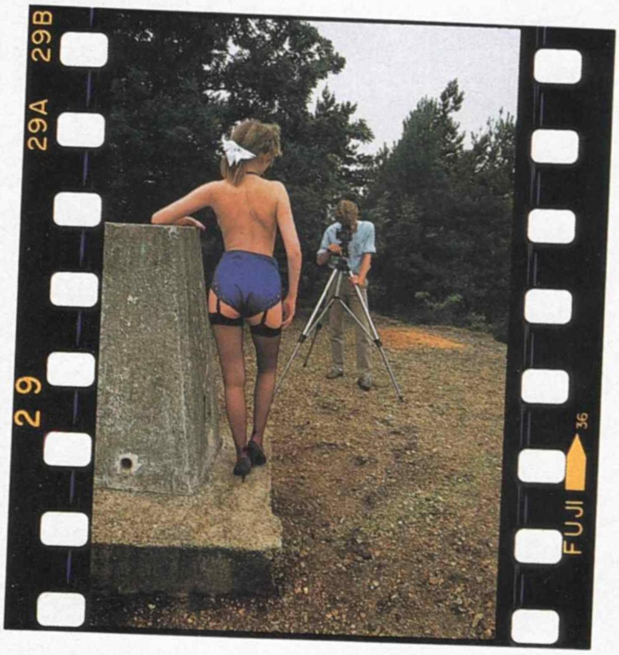
27
26B
26A
FUJI
36

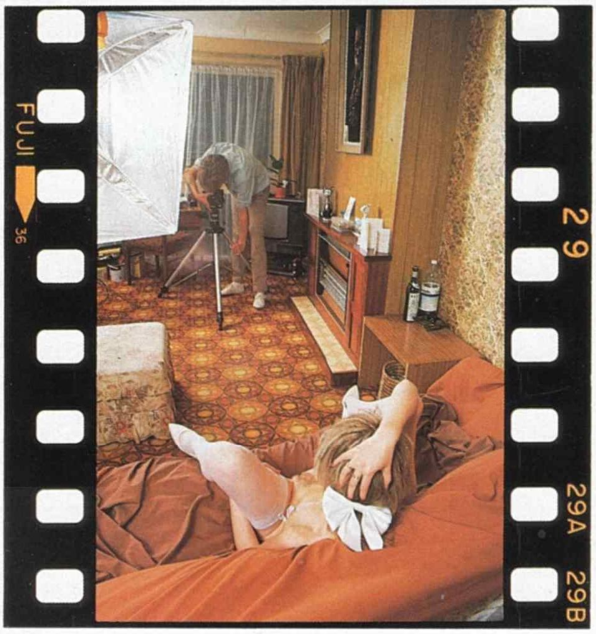
PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEWIS GRAUNET AND MIKE HUNTER

Of course, it goes without saying that you find the pictures in Club International inspiring. So much so, that some of you are moved to dust off the old Box Brownie and have a go at getting Her Indoors to do the Club bit. It also goes without saying that the results you get – if she didn't tell you to fuck off in the first place – often underline the fact that you are to taking raunchy photographs what Ayatollah Khomenei is to the Nobel Peace Prize. Let's just say you lack experience.

That's where we come in. We *know* your wife is a bit of all right, and we *know* our readers want to lust at her body: it's just that they can do without red eyes, more shadows than Cliff Richard and focusing which is as sharp as a wet Kleenex. So we'll send along one of our top snappers, who'll tell you – in the nicest possible way, you understand – what a dipstick you are and what you should do about it.

You'll learn some of the tricks of the trade and, best of all, you'll see *your* pictures of *your* missus in what we all know is the sharpest men's mag in the biz.





4
4A
4B
elinchrom
FUJI-RDP

So we had the idea; all we needed now was the girl. That problem was solved when the postman dropped some pictures of Paula on our desk, sent in by her old man, Mike. It was the old, old story – nice girl, naff pics.

We contacted Mike and Paula, who were as keen as Colman's at getting us involved. We despatched top photographer Graunet down to Bournemouth for the day to put Mike – and Paula – through their paces.

Mike, who teaches English to foreign students, was classed by our man Graunet as "a capable amateur who just needed a few pointers to set him off in the right direction."

Paula, 23, works as a receptionist in a nursing home, although she's now registered with a London modelling agency. They tell us: "She's getting a lot of work because of her cute face and her good, slim figure. There's not an ounce of fat on her. It's not fair." Yeah, but what about the commission?

Anyway, here's proof of what can be achieved with a little expertise behind you. You like the idea? Well, it's up to you to keep it going. Send us a pic or two of the wife/girlfriend, and if we like what we see, you'll be hearing from us. Write to Shoot Your Girl, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. ♣

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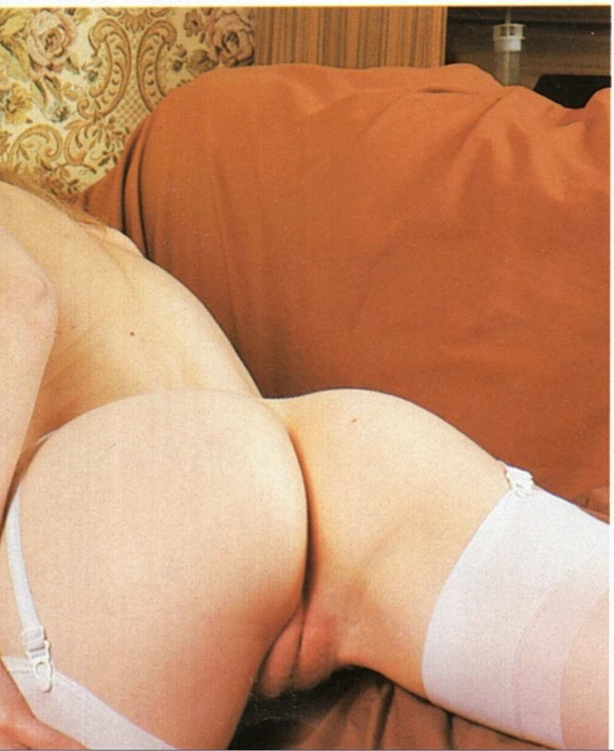
RDP•133



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27A
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FUJI
36

Dear Rory

Up here at Club we're often asked: "Hey, why don't you have an agony column, like the women's magazines? Don't men have problems, too?"

Well, of course we do. Emotionally, socially, physically and sexually, we get into as much trouble as any other group. But we at Club don't try to help because we're such a bunch of heartless bastards.

What's more, we've only really got one piece of advice, and we pinched that one from Timothy Leary. Back in the acid-burned 60s, that old hippie guru reckoned you could solve any problem at all if you would just "turn on, tune in and drop out". We've just changed that around a little. Our advice is: Drop one, slob out and turn in.

In other words, be proud of what you are: impotent, short-sighted, flatulent, emotionally disturbed wimps have rights, too, you know.

But the demand for an agony column just goes on and on. So just this once, we're giving in to it.

After carefully considering who should be trusted with the sensitive post of one-off Agony Uncle, we gave the job to a bloke we met down the pub.

Rory Gagarin, 41, is a gas fitter from Luton and a complete bastard. He has travelled extensively throughout Bedfordshire. Can he help with your problem? Read on and find out!

Dear Rory,
My girlfriend farts with such pungency that the smell often knocks me out, causing me to be late for appointments or to miss *Emmerdale Farm*. It has its benefits – such as killing all known germs, domestic pets, frail relatives, etc – but they don't compensate for such things as having to go everywhere in separate cars in case she farts while I'm driving. She's otherwise a normal, healthy, 19-stone 67-year-old. What do you reckon?

"Suffocated", London N6

Rory replies:
Get your hands off my mother, you pervy bastard.

Dear Rory,
While on a working trip to Africa recently I had a whirlwind romance, became engaged and was married to a spiny anteater. It was wonderful, but after returning to my home in Basildon we began to have problems.

The English culture and weather both seem very strange to Norma (my other half) and she is having difficulties settling in and finding friends. The language is also a problem, since she communicates only by rhythmic grunts and scent markings.

Do you think we can make this work, or have I made a terrible mistake?

"Ant-crazy", Essex.

Rory replies:
Bugger me, what a fuck-up! Seriously, it's very difficult for spiny anteaters to mix in with most British people. They often have to face much prejudice and ignorance. However, in Basildon, where most people also communicate by rhythmic grunts and scent markings, I think you stand a better chance than most.

PS: Norma will make an interesting talking point at parties!

Dear Rory,
This may sound silly, but I'm terribly worried about my left earlobe. It has grown to the size of a small football, is purple and throbs all the time. Could this in some way be related to my sexual performance?

"Stupid", Yorks

Rory replies:
You have what doctors call an "infected earlobe". This condition, while not too serious, should be treated as soon as possible. It is not related to your sexual performance. You really are stupid, aren't you?

Dear Rory,
My wife is having an affair with the milkman because she says I don't satisfy her sexually. Could you advise me on ways to deal with this situation?

"Gold Top", Bradford.

Rory replies:
In these situations it is always best to get everyone together in the same room and talk things through like sensible adults. That way, if they don't crawl at your feet and beg for forgiveness you can shoot them both dead. I would.

Dear Rory,
I got pissed at a party a couple of years ago – I'm that kind of guy – and some girls played a practical joke on me that "bugs" me even to this day. When I was in my half-conscious state, they inserted a micro-transmitter under my foreskin and wanked my cock to force it as far down as it would go. The thing is so tiny I can't even feel it, but my cock keeps on picking up mini cab drivers talking on their radios, or Lufthansa pilots talking to air traffic controllers at Heathrow. Believe me, it's very embarrassing in a crowded train or in the boss's office. My doctor says I'll just have to wait until it falls out, but that could take years. I don't know what else to do. Is there some kind of jamming device I could stick down my cock, or what?

"Live Wire", Rochdale

Rory replies:
You may find it hard to believe, but this is a very common worry. Not a week goes by that I don't receive an anxious letter from a man with a miniature transmitter embedded in his penis.

There's no cure as such – but why do you need one? What you have in your lower regions is a very effective radio receiver, and by twisting and pulling your old man, and pointing him in various directions, there is no reason you shouldn't become skilled in picking up all the major radio stations from Radio One to Radio Moscow. Romantic music for that special moment need never be a problem again, and as you say, you should always be able to find a taxi! Many girls find this a highly amusing novelty, and it

COPPEE TUBING
LETTERS
SEX AID
fings to do!
① ring me muvver
② ring 'er neck
Club
INVOICE
ACME GAS
MARY
MARC CABS 01-3479
Dear Sex Starved of Streatham
RIPE
HARDMAN.

makes a great talking point at parties.

Dear Rory,
When I entered my first sexual relationship, I suffered terribly from premature ejaculation. I'd be so excited, I'd spunk as soon as my cock touched her leg. To try to cure this, I would have a wank a couple of hours before taking a girl to bed, so I wouldn't be so on edge. But then I wouldn't be able to get it up at all. I tried compromising by having half a wank, but that didn't work, either. As a result of this, I'm still a virgin. Any suggestions you may have would be gratefully received.

"Gusher", Grantham.

Rory replies:
Wank over 'em, my son. You'll stay a virgin, but you'll have a lot more fun than most of us, and you won't need a johnny, either.

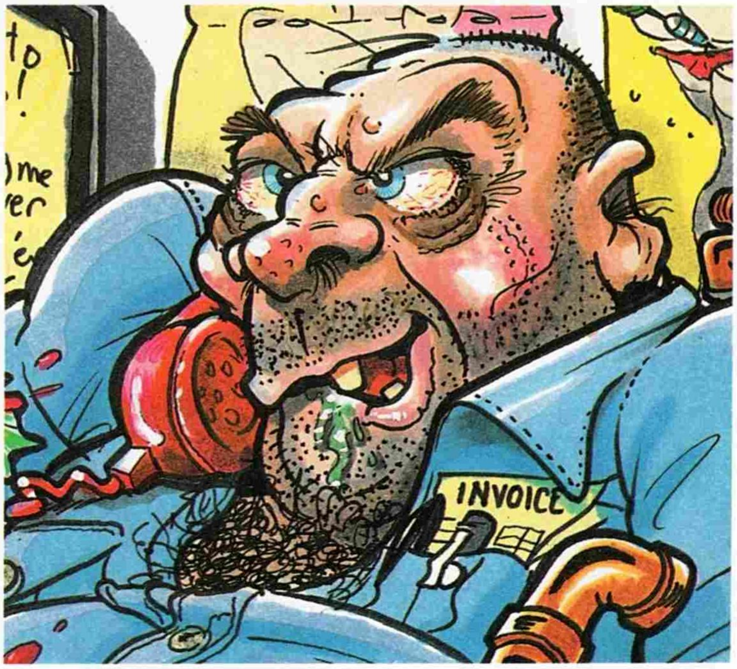
Dear Rory,
I've been married for nine years. Just recently, I've taken up with an attractive young thing from the office who wants me to move in with her. I've turned her down, saying she'll just have to put up with the current situation of being shagged 12 times a week and being given my last two wage rises (which the wife doesn't know I've had) so she can go off on a good holiday every year. Do you think I'm being too slavishly loyal to my marriage?

"Big Sam", Warminster

Rory replies:
There comes a time, you know, when you must stop being kind to people. It only does them harm eventually. You've treated your wife well, but you're going to have to make the break soon.

You are obviously a kind man, and don't want to hurt your wife, so break it to her gently. Just ask the girl from the office to move in to your house and shag her repeatedly on the living room carpet. Your Mrs will get the message eventually.

Don't be around when she does, though. Women can be unpredictable.



> *"I complain about everything and I'm a total liar. If anybody talks to me I am sick on them . . ."*

Dear Rory,
I'm very worried about my penis. It's ten inches long and permanently hard, and pokes over the top of my trouser waistband. Trying to force it down causes excruciating pain.

To hide it I have to wear a floor-length ex-army greatcoat. This causes great amusement to all at my workplace (I am a swimming pool attendant). I feel so embarrassed by my titanic todger. How can I go back to living a normal life?

"Throbbing", Dumfries

Rory replies:
It's a problem a lot of us real men have to deal with. But when you think about it, isn't little Percy trying to tell you something? He's saying: "Stand up and be counted!"

Snip a hole in the top of your trousers and let him poke his head out and take a breath of God's good air. Some people will be offended, but ignore the prudes. And it will make an interesting talking point at parties.

As for your work, I should have thought your rigid rodney would be an asset. At least all those drowning women will have something to grab hold of now.

Dear Rory,
Every time I date a girl and get really keen on her, my brother steals her. They just can't resist his rugged good looks, Ferrari Testarossa and £150,000 a year income. How can I find a girl who will not be dazzled by the trappings of worldly success and will stay faithful to me?

"Spotty", Strathclyde

Rory replies:
There are only two ways out of your predicament: a) Kill your brother; b) Lock up your girlfriends. Either will make an interesting talking point at parties.

Dear Rory,
My entire body is covered in unpleasant running sores, and the skin in between has turned purple. I smell extremely offensive. I hate everybody because my mother didn't love me, and I enjoy tripping people up. When I'm in the supermarket I always use a credit card to pay for a 10p pack of Spangles so I can waste everybody's time. I complain about everything and I'm a total liar. If anybody talks to me I am sick on them.

My problem is I can never find a talking point at parties. Can you help?

Jocelyn, Bromley

Rory replies:
Frankly, no.

Do you need help with that "intimate" problem? You can write to Rory Gagarin in complete confidence (except for a few friends of his down the pub who might be amused). He will send a tasteless and insulting reply to every letter, completely free of charge!

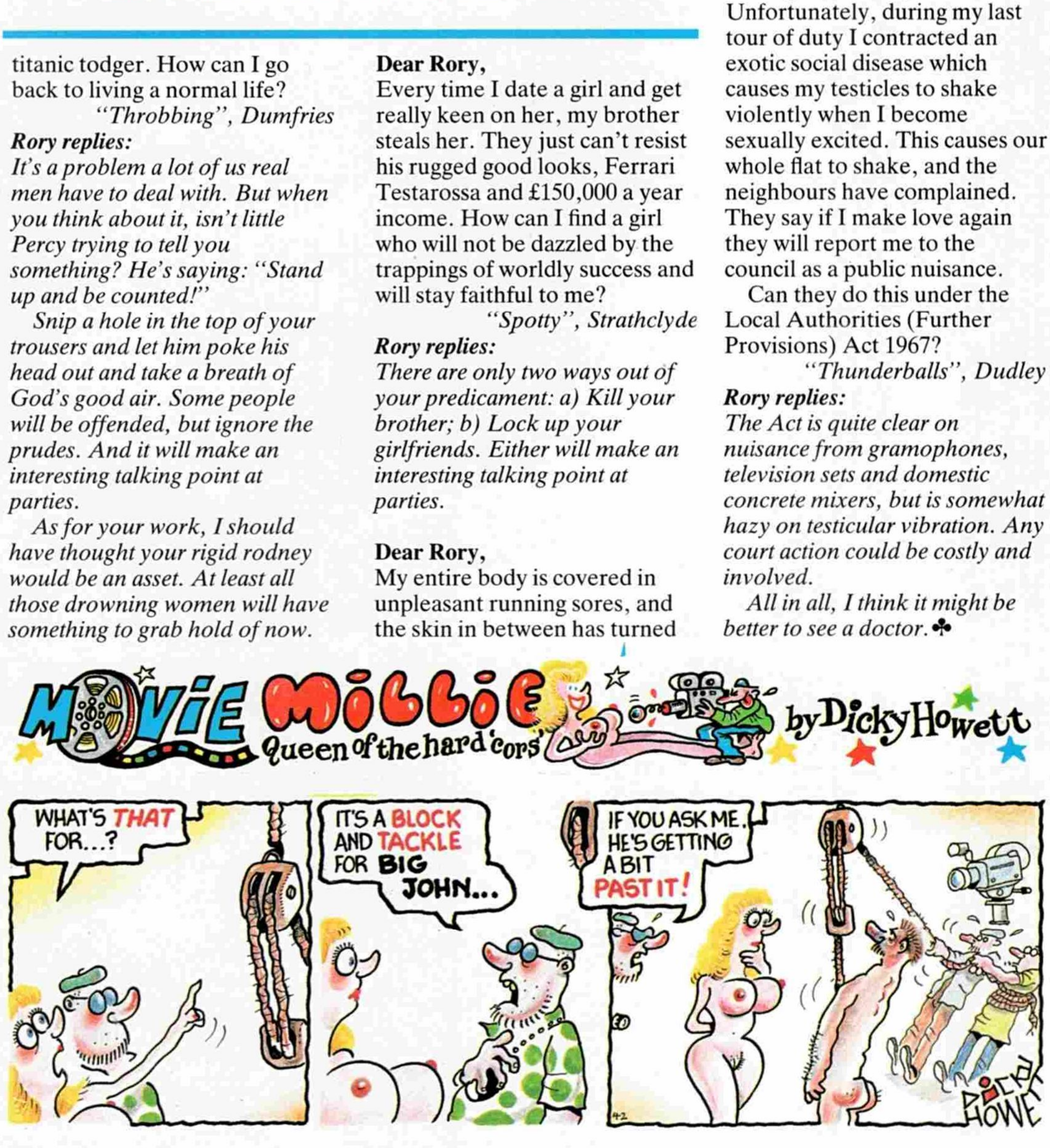
Dear Rory,
I have just returned from serving in the army overseas. Unfortunately, during my last tour of duty I contracted an exotic social disease which causes my testicles to shake violently when I become sexually excited. This causes our whole flat to shake, and the neighbours have complained. They say if I make love again they will report me to the council as a public nuisance.

Can they do this under the Local Authorities (Further Provisions) Act 1967?

"Thunderballs", Dudley

Rory replies:
The Act is quite clear on nuisance from gramophones, television sets and domestic concrete mixers, but is somewhat hazy on testicular vibration. Any court action could be costly and involved.

All in all, I think it might be better to see a doctor. ♣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THREE GIRLS. Three girls egg each other on to chat up the window cleaner. One does, but she can't take all he can give her so she calls for her friends to help.

FRIENDS. Two friends both have the same girl. Then they both have her sister. One of the friends has the girls' mother in the kitchen. Then the mother's younger sister walks in . . .

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THE PARTY. John and Alice hold a wife swapping party. However, another wife fancies Alice who is quite happy to oblige. Fortunately there is a spare girl for John.

HANDS. Jenny enjoys a sauna and body massage, but today only the handyman, with his rough, coarse hands, is available. Soon Jenny is groaning with pleasure as these rough hands find the sensitive parts.

HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY. A lecherous couple set up a training school for nurses. Biology soon turns into a bi-sexual orgy, as everyone fights to join in.

THE MIRROR. With two-way mirrors, the madame watches her girls getting it from any manner of male and female customers. At the end of the day she chooses one of the girls for her own kinky lust.

VIDEO OFFERS, 34 Upton Lane, Forest Gate, London E7 9LN.

VIDEO OFFERS, 34 Upton Lane, Forest Gate, London E7 9LN.

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VIDEO OFFERS, (Dept CI), 34 Upton Lane, Forest Gate, London E7 9LN.

Sabina

There are no fewer than three of us working for this august publication who have had, er . . . *direct experience* of Italian girls, so you'll forgive us for having a collective soft spot for 19-year-old Sabina,

Photographs by Roy Brewington

from Naples. Not to mention a hard spot. In simple terms, we think she's fucking gorgeous.

We wanted (nay, we were *desperate*) to know whether Sabina was aware of the "can't get enough of it" label which is often attached to Italian girls. Usually in capital letters.

"Of course!" she squeals, in that high-pitched, excitable, accented voice which can instigate a hard-on from 30 paces. "We Italian girls are more open in matters of sex, and we are never embarrassed to discuss our sex lives with friends and family. For me, I enjoy talking about it almost as much as I enjoy doing it.

"Almost." ♣

club

SABINA November '87

Pictures of Carol

by Kenneth Kingdom

Carol was queen of the typing pool. Five foot six of Northern Irish olive skin surmounted by a round face, fringed with close-cropped black curls, above a figure that used to have all the lads in J. K. Hodgson's marine department standing up when they were sitting down.

But Carol was cool. *So far and no further*, was the message staring behind those intelligent grey eyes. Or, *Not an inch*, to borrow a political verity from her strife-torn province. Still, that didn't stop the boys boggling. How could they? Carol was always immaculate, favouring conservative navy blue or grey two-piece costumes worn over crisp, laundered, white, open-neck shirts that showed rouched cuffs a military two inches under the sleeve, and not a speck of jewellery on her fingers, wrists or neck. The space below the neck was the foothills to two thrusting mountains with sharp peaks, which were proudly pointed, causing even more male mental turmoil as their owner glided beautifully across the room.

With Carol you couldn't . . . You daren't . . . You wouldn't . . .

But that didn't stop Mark Wilkins from *thinking*. Others were smitten. Mark was *besotted*. He thought of Carol morning, noon and night. In bed, on the way to work, at work, and all the way home again. In his mind his fancy took flight. They were alone on a Mediterranean beach together. White sand, an azure sky, and not a soul in sight. Carol was wearing a black backside-less bikini, laying on her back, partially shading her eyes from the sun, her olive skin glistening on *Ambre Solaire* – the water drying off in little beads – and she smelled of brine and suntan oil, with the sea slushing in the background.

> ***The space below the neck was the foothills to two thrusting mountains with sharp peaks . . .***

Mark half leaned over, propping his far palm the other side of her body for support, excitedly noting the rise and fall of her chest. An arm snaked out around his neck and drew him down.

Their lips met. His cock almost broke through his briefs until Carol's hand came down and freed it for active service as she eased up to unclip the bikini briefs, leaving him to whisk aside the pocket hankie bra . . .

Oh, shit! Who was kidding who? Mark's fist smote the empty pillow beside him as the gloomy clouds of reality swept over his golden vision. There would never be Carol. There would never be Jane, Anne, or even bloody Matilda, he told himself, savagely.

Mark was impotent. He couldn't – Christ, how he hated the phrase – get it up when it mattered. Oh, he used to be able to, right enough: there had been a time when it would come up and stay up like magic, two- or three-hour sessions were nothing; he could come when and how he wanted – a master of control.

It was that one moment of failure that had got to him. That one catastrophic occasion, standing in front of a woman who lay there on the bed with her eyes full of lust; suddenly he stopped thinking about her and started thinking about the tension, the expectations, the possibility of failure.

Even then it would have been all right, if only they'd been on their own. But to have your failure seen by so many; a whole crew leering at your limp dick . . .

Mark pushed the memory to the back of his mind, as he had done so many times. "Go on," he muttered, angrily tossing in his virgin bed, "back to your dreams. It's all you've had for three years. You're all washed up at 26. You've got a lot of dreaming to do before you hit 70."

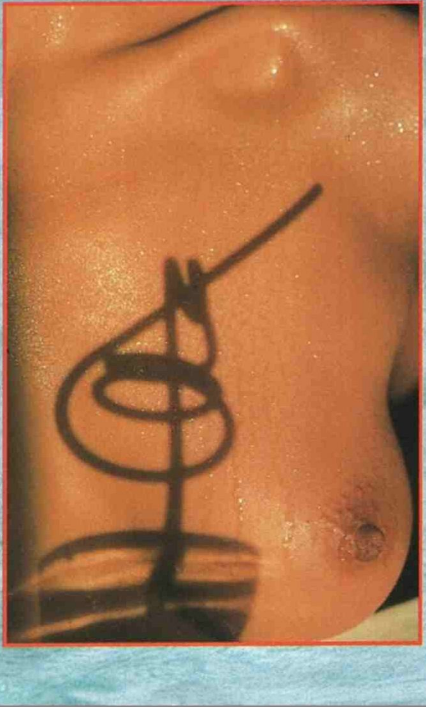
Mark often wondered about the other blokes in the office – what they were really like in bed, as far as the girls were concerned. They seemed to be pulling girls all over the place, instead of their puds. Lucky bastards! Mark never had the nerve. Knowledge of his own inadequacy had made him painfully shy.

But no one ever attempted to spin a tall, sexy story about Carol Murray. "His" Carol. Just let them try!

Mark woke up with a throbbing head and ill temper. He had dreamed of her again. It was the same dream he had had before. They were in bed together, and he couldn't cut the mustard. She pushed him aside in disgust. "Call yourself a *man*?" she spat, as she got dressed, angrily.

His day was made at 11.32 am. At that precise moment Carol came over with a query, smiling gently, leaning over his right shoulder to point something out about the small print of a marine policy with an elegant index finger. "Thank you, Mark," she said, giving him a ravishing smile, and returning to her desk.

A couple of nights later he was Up West in Soho looking for visual relief. After a visit to a strip show he was rarin' to go. He saw several attractive young whores walking their poodles, who stopped and waited, smiling encouragement. He was almost on the point of going over to the redhead in the PVC mac and boots, when an inner voice snickered and said: "Don't. You know it'll



be a bloody waste of time and money."

It was just after ten. Too early to go home yet. Just off Piccadilly, flashing light bulbs framed themselves around a door saying SEXY VIDEOS. COME INSIDE. "It's all happening," whispered the tout. "S'only a fiver, and you see the lot. Sixty-nine, soixante-neuf . . . fun for four, ennit?"

Sod it! thought Mark. What's five quid these days? A round of drinks, maybe. He paid and went in.

The videos were well-made, and so were the "actresses" and their hunky stud partners. The storyline was infantile, but then, after all, this was no place for the kids. The sun rose on a silver beach; the camera bearing down for an aerial view on to the pellucid waters with their submerged grotesque configurations of coral. A fair-haired Adonis, a veritable "Mr Atlas", rose from the sea like the son of Neptune, rude health exuding from every pore and his muscles rippling and glistening with oil. The camera panned to a wide-angle shot encompassing a long stretch of beach. From the distance a tiny figure appeared. He could tell by the wiggle it was that of a woman. Nearer and nearer she came to the camera, clad in a white towelling shortie beach wrap. The face, thought Mark, was familiar. Not unlike Carol's . . . it was Carol!

Mark's senses reeled. He was dreaming. He was having a sexy, disturbing dream in bed, and he couldn't wake himself up.

Carol was sitting astride the man, pumping up and down faster than her fingers pounded the typewriter.

For a moment he thought he was going mad; suffering from delusions. The mind had completely mastered his fantasies and made them fact.

"Bloody hell, she's built!" said the man in the next seat out loud, to nobody in particular, as Carol let the wrap fall to her feet, and stood posing, full-frontally, with one hand on hip and the thumb of the other perking up one nipple.

The cold sweat turned warm with relief. Mark had not been dreaming. Of course . . . Carol had gone to the West Indies last June "with her parents", hadn't she? She had even sent the boys a postcard from Bridgetown. The dismembered pieces of a jigsaw started slotting into place. Carol's clothes came from *Harrod's* and Bond Street. Old Mrs Somerville, the financial director's secretary, had mentioned that one day. And when there was the rail strike back in February, Carol had come to work in a 323i BMW. She *said* it was her father's, Mark remembered.

His first inclination was to rush out. To escape reality. To not see his goddess turned to clay on the pedestal he had privately placed under her feet. But Carol in action, about to be screwed, kept him on the edge of his seat, insane with lust and jealousy.

The stud knew his job, thought Mark. His enormous weapon buried itself deep inside her as they embraced standing up. The camera closed in on her face. The eyes were closed, the mouth apart. *She was enjoying it.* The camera cut to them laying on a king-sized white beach towel, enjoying the pleasure of their "work" to the ultimate. It ended with an encore – Carol sitting astride the man, pumping up and down faster than her fingers pounded the typewriter keys in their London Wall offices.

Mark Wilkins went home in a disconsolate daze. He tried to fantasize that night about Carol, but it was no use. How could he – the impotent wet whose only glories were in the past – compete with the man in that video?

For three wretched months he suffered that particular virus of miserable happiness known only to young men in love. He could scarcely talk to her now without blushing and stammering. What a fool!

The midsummer staff treat was to Stratford, where they would all have a dose of The Bard, followed by drinks and a slap-up dinner – the old man did everyone well on this occasion – and a hotel for the night.

Mark wanted to sit next to Carol, but instinctively drew back. What would they talk about? Oh, Christ! She was last on the bus and was coming up the back to the bench seat by the rear window, and the only space left was next to him.

"You're very shy, Mark, aren't you?" she said quietly, under the conversational hubbub and engine hum.

"Er, well, um . . . er. Well . . ."

Carol burst out laughing, and linked his hand in hers.

She didn't squeeze it, or hold it in a fishy, limp grip; she just left it there as she turned her head to talk to Des Lyons on the other side of her. Mark was relieved, even though he felt a berk. Every time he saw her now it was on that beach in the West Indies, in that sleazy Soho porno video place. Anger welled for a moment. Who the hell did she think she was kidding with those Tory lady-like suits and demure white shirts; that aura of middle-class chastity that signals status as quick as a copy of the *Daily Telegraph* folded under the arm?

continued on page 98

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I am over 18 and aware that these products are for my personal use only and must not be shown to minors.

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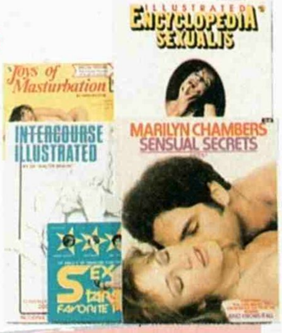
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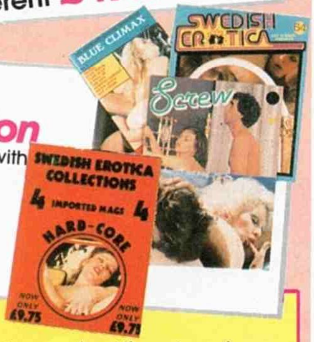
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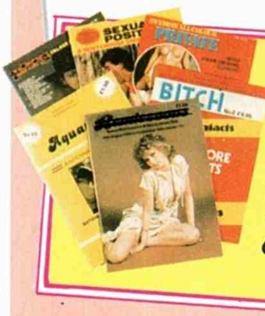
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Trade Enquiries Welcome Contact 34 Upton Lane, London E7 9LN or call at your local outlet above

3 YEARS OF Linzi

AMBULANCE
GUL 32 W

Hi, there – and welcome to the very last *Life with Linzi*. Yes, that's right, I said it's the last – and I don't want you all bursting into tears at once! Over the past three years I've had some great fun and met some really smashing people, but all good things come to an end, and *Life with Linzi* is no exception.

That doesn't mean that I'm about to pop off, never to be heard of again . . . and I'm certainly not trotting off down the aisle. Heaven forbid! It's just that things have been pretty hectic, workwise, of late and I've recently moved out of London into the country, as you know. Now I fancy a rest. I might try and write a book, breed dogs or join a religious sect. Don't worry, fellas, I'm only joking. I don't mind a bit of mooning, but a Moonie? No, ta.

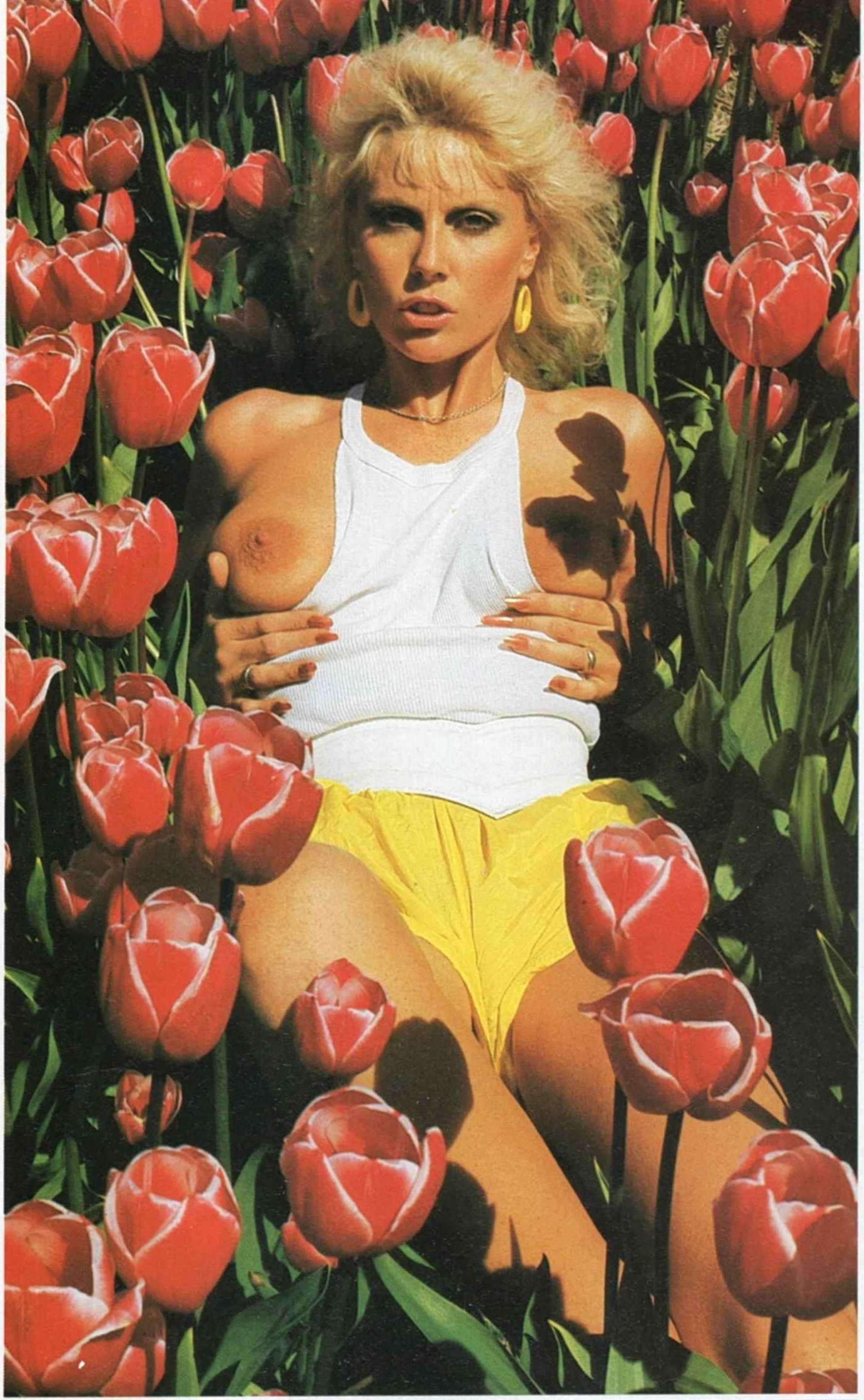
For my final little piece, the Ed and I decided to go right back through all the photographs we've taken over the past few years. Bloody hell! What a job that's been. There are absolutely thousands and thousands of them. No wonder I fancy a rest. Anyway, I do hope you like the ones we've chosen, and that they bring back as many happy memories for you as they did for me.

You know, I'm really settling into this country life. In fact, I'm sitting here in my garden in the lovely sunshine, dressed only in my skimpy G-string and tons of sun oil. Well, we don't get much nice weather in this country and I'm bloody sure I'm not going to miss it by sitting in some stuffy office when I can do it *au naturel* in my garden. I've even got myself a nice all-over suntan, the first I've acquired in Britain since the long, hot summer of 1976, when I was a mere slip of a girl in my teens.

Not *all* the tan is from sitting in my garden, as I did zoom off to Jersey for a flying visit for one day and night. The night was pretty tame; a little bit of striptease for some wealthy property people with another girlfriend of mine. But what went on in the day was pretty hot stuff!

Annika and I arrived at about ten in the morning and didn't have to be ready to work until ten that evening, so we had a full day's playing ahead of us. The guy who had booked us was disgustingly wealthy and showed us around the island in his brand new turbocharged Porsche. That would have been very pleasant if I'd have been smart enough to sit up front, but there sure ain't much room in the back of a Porsche, especially if you're a big girl like me. Anyway, after a delicious lunch, I was dying to get to the beach.

The beach Annika and I



A parking ticket, the kiss of life or tulips from Amsterdam – take your pick

ended up on was a topless beach. And we model girls do like to get our nipples nice and brown, now, don't we?

We laid ourselves out, wearing only our tiny French-cut bikini bottoms, absolutely smothered from head to toe in suntan lotion, taking in the beauty of the Jersey coastline and hopefully getting browner by the moment. Then we spotted these two guys zooming up the beach on jet skis.

As luck would have it I fancied the blond, muscular one, and Annika – who had tired of the Jersey coastline – opened her eyes from a snooze and admitted the other one was pretty dishy as well. That was my opportunity to steam in and stake my claim on Goldilocks.

Both the thirsty sea travellers left their jet skis on the beach and made their way right past us to the nearby cafe. They seemed to have spotted our obvious charms, but merely strolled by with a casual smile in our direction. I thought this was as good a time as any to get myself yet another ice cream. I really am a pig with those things. Anyway, I put on my bikini top, not wanting to put some old dear off her cream tea, and followed the two hunks into the cafe.

As I stood behind them, I realized from listening to them talk that they were French. Luckily they spoke excellent English, and even more luckily, they paid for my monster-sized 99 ice cream and came back with

Dressed to kill . . . the army uniform was one of your favourites – and mine

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This is when I went to a farm to illustrate my not-so-common agricultural policy!

me to our little sunbathing patch. Annika had woken up and was looking amazingly radiant, considering she'd been snoring her head off just minutes before. This is a task which I fail on miserably, as sleeping in the sun always knocks me out. I'd rather be knocked out by the talents of these two French guys, though, so there was no chance of catching me kipping!

The blond one was called Henri and we got on like a house on fire. In no time at all, he had me massaging suntan oil into his body, then he repaid the compliment by rubbing the hot oil all over my body. I could feel his firm hands massaging it into my bottom, pulling my cheeks apart and making my cunt twitch with excitement. I rolled over and he started on my front. I arched my back as he slowly poured more oil on my tits, rubbing it gently across them, lingering on my hot nipples, fingering them until they began to really swell.

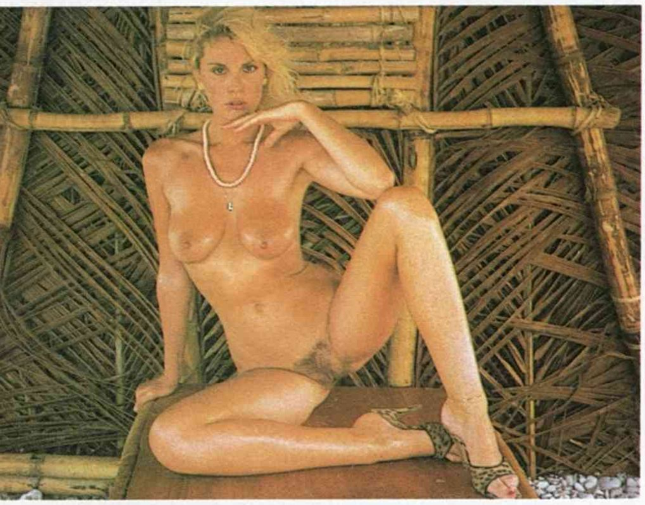
By now I was *feeling* pretty swell. I was longing to feel his strong hands down inside my bikini bottom, dying to let him feel just how hot and wet he had made my cunt. If I'd have had my way I'd have torn off my knickers, put my legs around his neck and had him sucking my juices there and then, but I don't think that would have been very subtle. I didn't feel very subtle, though – I just felt as horny as hell.

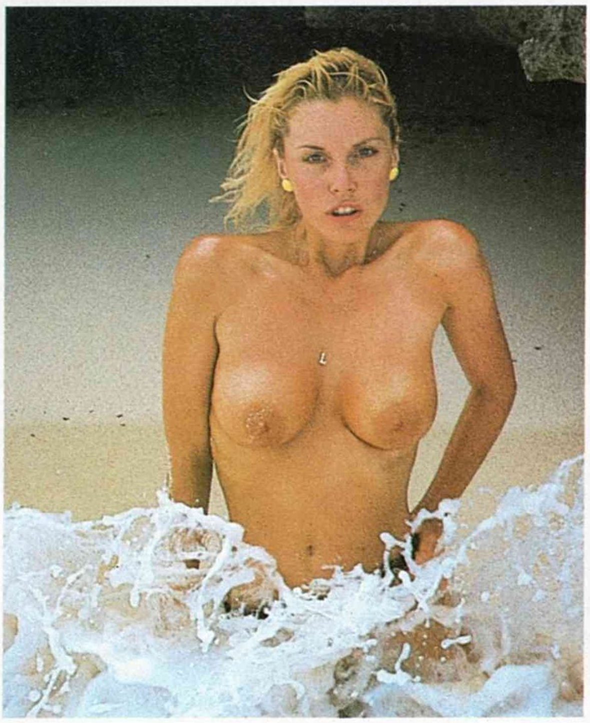
Henri was making it worse

as he massaged the oil along my stomach to the line of my panties, casually brushing his hand over my public mound. He could see my sex pushing against the sheer material of my bikini bottom, but Henri kept me waiting as he began to smother my legs in oil, moving slowly from my calves right up to my inner thighs. Just as he got to the top, our eyes met and he slipped his thumb into the side of my knickers and moved it gently up and down my slippery clit. God, I was coming like crazy as he began to get faster and faster.

Now, this Henri was a pretty cool character. There I was, lying on the beach being fingered (or thumbed!) into an absolute frenzy, creaming in my pants while he lay there grinning, taking it all in. He took me by the hand, gabbled on in French to his mate, Jean, and then whisked me away to a house in the hills where he was staying. It had a fabulous pool and we settled down by the side of it. Henri fetched some baby oil and started the whole delicious tease again.

This time was even better. When his hands moved down my tummy he reached inside my panties, staring at my swelling clit as he massaged oil into it. When I was naked and completely covered in oil he took off his shorts and lay on top of me, rubbing his cock up and down my body. He turned me over and fingered me from behind, pulling open my cheeks and delving his tongue into my honeypot. All the time I could feel his greasy body and his swollen, beautiful cock rubbing up and down. Every time I thought he was going to slide it deep inside me he would move lower and start tonguing me. At one time, he slid his cock between my slippery tits and





These piccies prove that I was thinking of you randy lot even when I was in the Far East

thrust it in and out as I gobbled greedily on it with my mouth.

By the time he fucked me I was actually begging for it, as he'd got me so excited. It didn't take either of us long to climax. Very soon his hot come was shooting into my creamy cunt, our juices mingling. Heaven. Sun, sex and swimming pool. We'd had the sun, and we'd definitely had some sex; time, then, to check out the swimming pool and perhaps just a teeny bit more sex??

Suffice to say, by the time I got back to the hotel ready for work that night, I was completely shagged out!

I still managed to go down well, though. By the way, that's an entertainment term for performing my strip act nicely – it has nothing whatsoever to do with gobbling, even though I consider myself a dab hand at that, too.

Anyway, guys, that's just about all from me. Thanks for reading my naughty bits over the past three years. I hope you've enjoyed reading about my sexploits, as I've certainly had some fun getting up to them – and almost as much fun telling you leery lot all about it! You know, it makes me feel really randy just talking about my wicked ways.

And no way will I be putting a stop to my dastardly sexual deeds – I'm sure you'll be seeing me again very soon, exhibiting my wares. Just keep your eyes and flies open, boys, and you can't miss me! I'll see you around.

Linzi

Letters to Linzi

Dear Linzi,
I have lots of kinky gear which I'd really love to wear in your presence. As I write this, I'm wearing a black leather collar with a chain leash (which you would hold while I lapped at your succulent cunt); a black PVC strap-fronted jacket; long, black, wet-look gloves; a studded leather pouch with chain arse-straps; and a black latex mask that covers my head, leaving only my eyes and mouth uncovered.

I have lashings of other gear, too – jockstraps, posing pouches, tiny thong briefs, V-dip support pouches, etc. My favourite materials are leather, rubber, PVC, wet-look cire – and I particularly adore sporting a black, air-filled rubber jockstrap which makes me feel terribly RANDY!

For your part, I'd love to see you in a short, grey gymslip, sheer white stockings with white suspender belt, white high heels, a crisp white shirt over those mouth-watering braless boobs, a tie, and a silky-white G-string. Your hair must be tied with ribbon.

You sit perched on the edge of a table, licking slowly and seductively on a lollipop, and your long, slender legs parted, showing your stocking tops and suspender straps. I step towards you, dressed in just a miniscule red PVC posing pouch, my cock throbbing and bulging hard. I run both hands up the inside of your thighs to the G-string and pull it off, then slowly remove my pouch.

I pull you forward – you are still sucking on the lollipop – onto my throbbing length, filling your juicy cunt with all my hardness, fucking you slowly to begin with. Then I start to move in a faster rhythm, thrusting and withdrawing, ramming my pistoning tool in and out of your hot cunt. We finally drive each other to a mind-blowing orgasm, your juices coating my rod as I spurt loads of hot, creamy spunk into you.

Andrew, Hull

I like a man who knows what he's doing, Andrew – and you certainly seem to know what you're talking about. I reckon we could probably pick up some tips from each other, and also do a kinky gear swap. How do I get to Hull?

Dear Linzi,
I can't think of any girl I'd rather meet than you. I'm afraid I've taken to wanking at your pictures in every issue of Club, because your gleaming, supple body is enough to give any man a very quick erection.

I just can't explain the pleasure you've given me in your Club International appearances. Sometimes, while I'm rubbing myself to one of your photos, I have to groan in ecstasy as I bring up my semen. It's a brilliant feeling. Thank you. I always come my load like mad while admiring your lovely bare legs and arse.

I only wish we could strip off so I could fuck you doggy-fashion while cupping my hands over your tits. I'd make myself last out until I couldn't hold out any longer. I'd spurt my warm load of spunk right up you, then collapse over your gorgeous body. What a wonderful feeling it would be!

My favourite way of fucking a girl doggy-fashion is bringing my chest up against her back so I feel really close to her bare body as I spunk up her. If I could do that to you, it would be absolutely fucking great. And if I could just fuck your tits, I'd spurt my semen over your face – I bring up quite a lot of the stuff.

Loyal Fan, Stafford

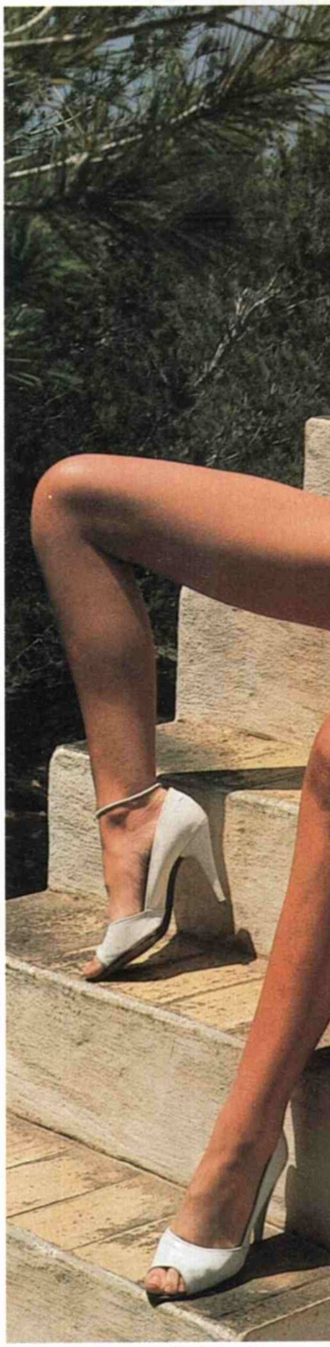
But here's betting I can swallow more than you can spurt . . .

Dear Linzi,
I've heard an awful lot recently about people having sex using condoms. I'd never experienced it before, so I asked my boyfriend one night if he would wear one – just to see what it was like. He agreed, so I played with his cock and balls until he was erect, then rolled on the johnny (which I'd been given by a friend).

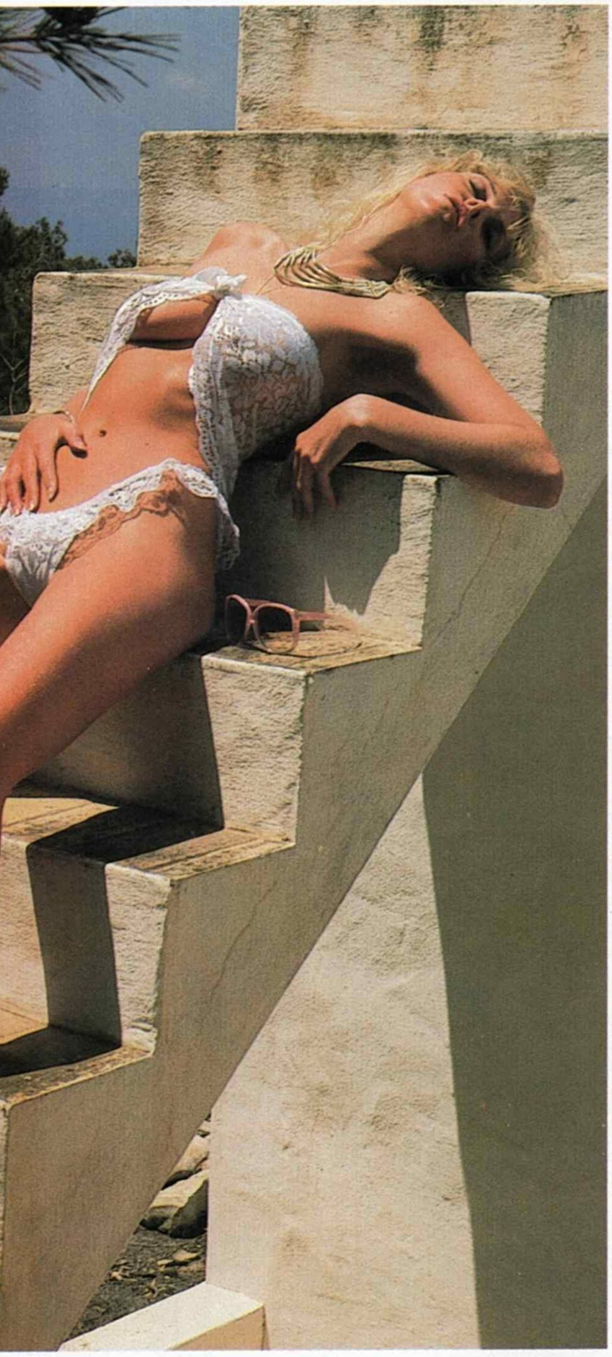
Even the act of putting the thing on was quite erotic, because his seven-inch cock felt really good encased in the tight rubber. I thought the little bubble at the tip looked quite good, too. I felt all tingly at the thought of it being filled up with his hot seed before much longer.

The next thing I did was to see what it felt like inside my mouth. I was pleasantly surprised to find his rod felt even hotter than normal, although I couldn't get access to the little drop of pre-come which I usually like to lick off when I go down on him. As for the actual fuck itself, I couldn't feel any difference until he came. When he did, I missed feeling the spunk ooze into my cunt and dribble down the sides of my thighs.

Overall, I'd rate it as an



***Above:** Just set the engine at a lumpy tickover, and I could lie here all day . . . **Top Right:** No, I don't always sunbathe on a concrete staircase – this was the bloody photographer's idea!*



interesting experience, but it's not in the same league as getting to grips with raw cock. How do you feel?

Jeanette, Bedford

You took the cock – sorry, words – right out of my mouth, Jeanette. Sex with a condom is certainly not the downer some people say it is, but I like to feel spunk inside me as much as you do.

Dear Linzi,

I'm 21, and I've been reading Club for two years. I always cut out the best pictures to stick on my bedroom wall (my mum says they're very rude), and more than half of them are of you, as I think you're one of the sexiest girls I've ever seen.

As soon as I get my new issue of Club in, I choose my favourite pictures of you and start rubbing my already erect penis. I try to make the feeling last until I can't wait any longer (about five minutes), then bring up a load of spunk into a tissue. It's a fantastic feeling.

My mum saw a soaked-up tissue in my bedroom last week and told me I should keep a box of them at hand, seeing as how I have so many rude pictures of girls in exciting poses on my wall. She said I could fill a glassful of spunk in a week.

Name and address withheld

Glad to hear you have such an understanding mum. A word of advice, though; I always use Wet Wipes to clean up spunk after I've wanked off a bloke. You should try them.

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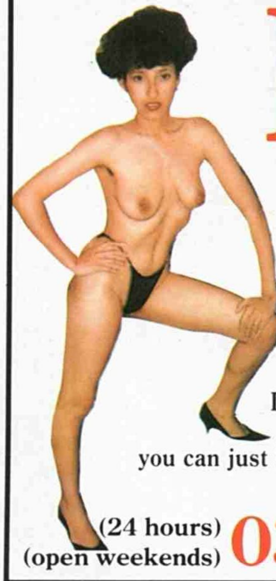

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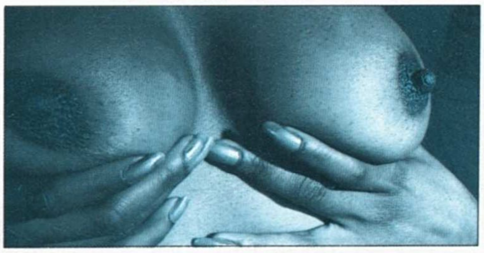
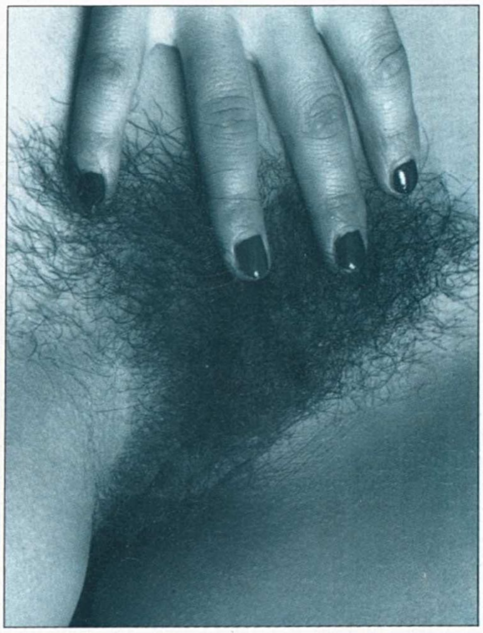
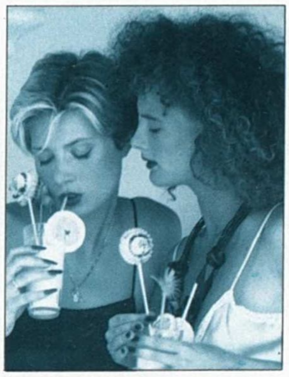

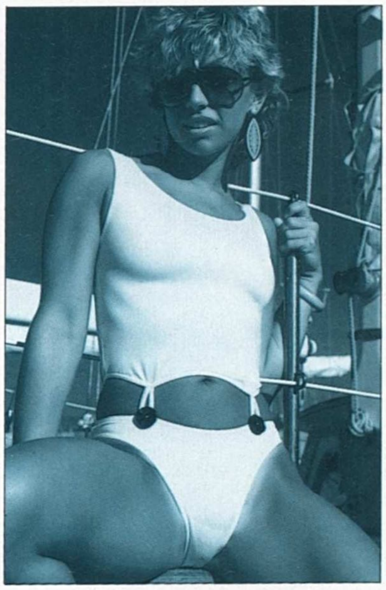
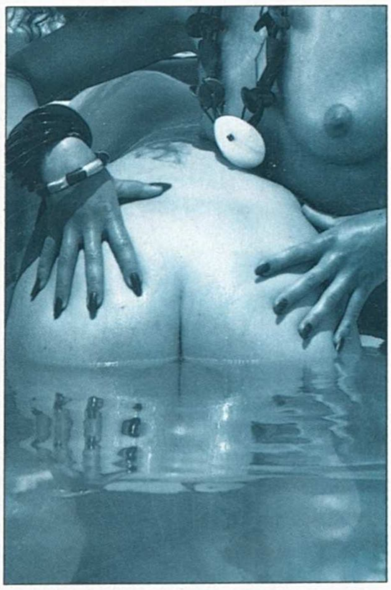

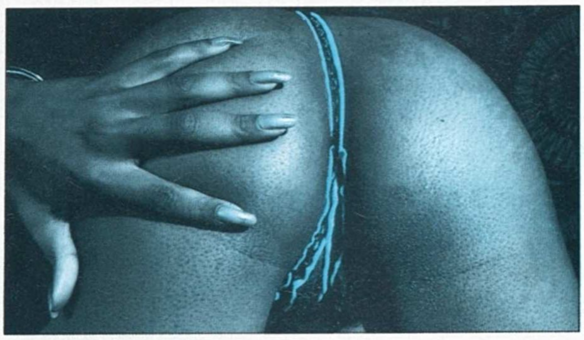

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Women's Writes

Where the girls get down to business

I'm 23 years old, my husband is almost 20 years older. He's got a roofing business based in South London, and he's never around when I need seeing to. That's why I persuaded my lover to buy a cheap flat for us to fuck in. It's in Wapping, which makes it very handy for him to meet me in his lunch break, as he works in the City. I'm a slut for him. There's nothing I won't do. His name's Giles, he's ever so handsome, and his prick's almost twice as big as my husband's.

Giles bring me little presents, like chocolates, champagne, and lots and lots of sexy undies. I think it's because he feels guilty about doing all those kinky things to me in a shitty, sparsely-furnished, screwing pad! But to tell the truth, I hardly notice the state of the place. All I really want is my lover's big cock inside me, or being wanked over me.

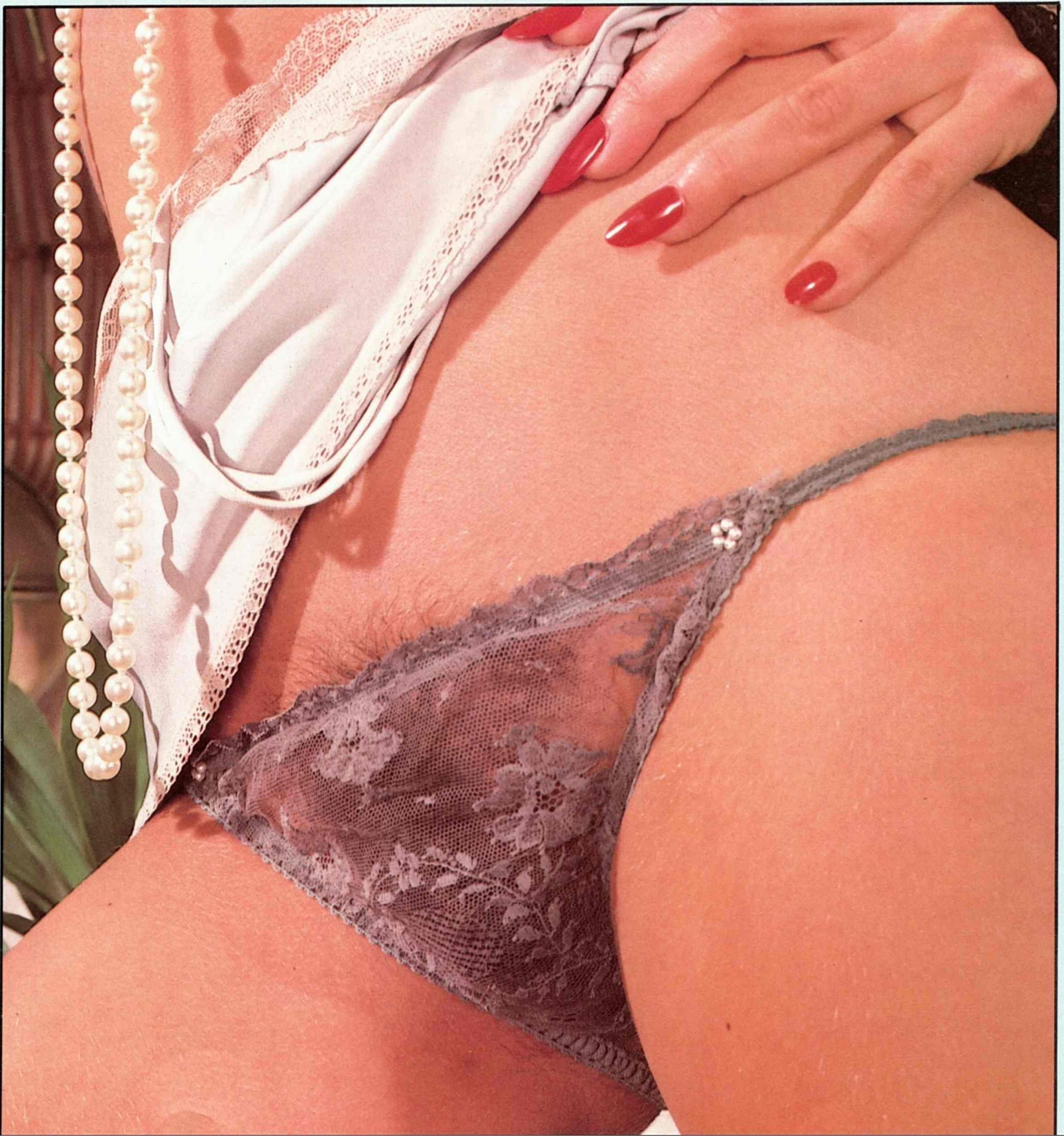
Every working day last week, he bought me a different pair of knicks. To brighten Monday up, it was a red, frilly, heart-shaped pair, with a see-thru centre. I wore matching red silk gloves and Giles stood over me, pushing his big toe through the flimsy silk into my cunt, while I sat on the mattress, tossing him off. He got very excited and spunked-off over my boobs. I gathered up his cum and massaged my nipples with it.

"Bring your Polaroid tomorrow," I said, licking his dick clean and popping it back inside his boxer shorts.

I think it was Tuesday when he turned up at the flat with a £200 shortie-nightie (I saw the receipt!) from Harrods, a pair of very brief white silk panties, and some black silk stockings. Giles undressed straight away and rolled a black rubber over his prick. Talk about wicked!

I slipped into my new lingerie, got down on my hands and knees, and he got down beside me, pulled my panties aside, and started licking my privates like some oversexed dog. Then he stuffed his rubbered cock up me and opened my cunt so he could get a good look. I wish he hadn't been bagged-up, though. I never feel I've been properly fucked unless I'm dripping afterwards.

And so on, through the week. Wednesday, he bought me a surprisingly tasteful bluey-grey pair of knicks and – weird – a string of fake pearls. Giles got me on the bed, greased my cunt with a big dab from our family-size jar of Vaseline, and slipped all four of his



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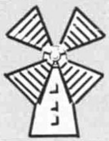

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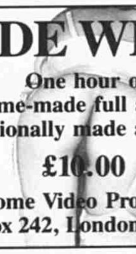

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fingers into my sex. Then, very slowly, he started to push them in and pull them out. It felt so lovely I couldn't help but frig my clit as I sucked him off. We got so worked up, there was soon cum and Vaseline and cunt juice everywhere. It was one of my best comes ever.

Thursday, he must have spent an absolute fortune – or rather, his loyal, unquestioning secretary did. A black silk translucent top, black satin elbow length gloves, high heels, a crocodile belt . . . I felt like a £1,000 a night call girl. Though I say so myself, I reckon I looked incredibly sexy. I stood at the foot of the attic ladder, my foot on the second rung.

"I didn't wash my cunt this morning," I said. "Here – smell me."

"Did your husband shag you last night?" he asked, excitedly.

"Smell me," I repeated.

He pushed his bristly face between my thighs and tore away my latest line in naughty knickers with his teeth. He was into it, all right.

"Lick it, you bastard," I said, enjoying my dirty-talk so much, I wanted to come. "I'll even let you suck out all my juices, if it turns you on."

And Friday? A little black cache-sex in the form of a heart. I lay there, legs spread, yanking the crotch up between my labia and over my clit while Giles dribbled his cum over my lips and all down my chin. Frankly, I can't think of a nicer way for a girl to set herself up for the weekend. Can you? – *Jess, Dulwich.*

Video sex works on me like a drug. My ex-boyfriend turned me on to it, and I was so enthralled, watching and wanking-off over the TV images of my sexual performance, that after he left me, I got straight on the phone and hired my own gear, even though I had no boyfriend to play naughty games with.

Three weeks later, I still don't have a boyfriend, but it doesn't matter. The tapes I've made to date are so wonderfully pornographic, I could lure any man I want. After all, I'm only 19 years old, and I was voted "Best Body" at a Club Mediterranée party at Benidorm last July.

After setting up the light, I balance the camera on a pile of books, focused on the armchair. Then I slip out of my blouse, skirt, bra and panties, and change into my sexiest black stockings and suspender belt. Then I sprawl in the black leather armchair with my legs spread, and dildo myself off with a vibrator, stopping now and then to lick my nipples.

One Friday night, when I'd been stood up by a nice looking boy and I was feeling really frustrated, I set up the camera in the bathroom and taped myself sitting on the lav in a soaking wet baby-doll, doing myself with my fingers and lipsticking my nipples. I came, but when I watched the replay I came even stronger. – *Jerry, Norwich.*

A word of warning to any cock-shy *Talkin' Blue* readers: avoid Red Stripe Crucial Brew like the plague. Yesterday I went out with a boy I hardly knew, and drank just two tubes. It made me so frisky, I let him finger me off in the car outside my flat. It was so horny. In fact, I'm seeing him again tomorrow, and this time I'm going to make sure I drink at least three cans of the stuff! – *Kirsty, Newcastle.*

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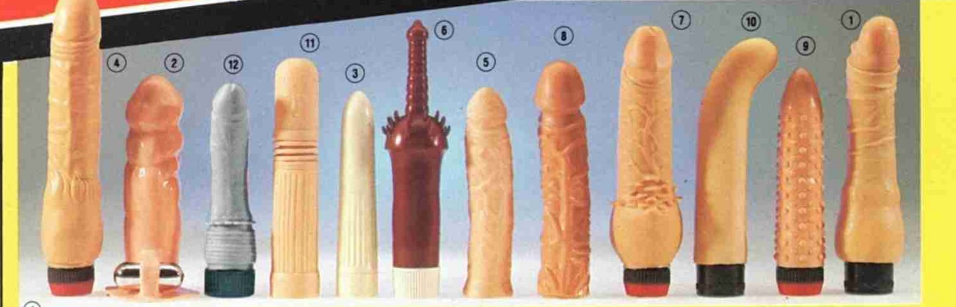

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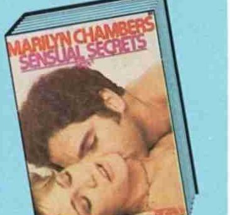

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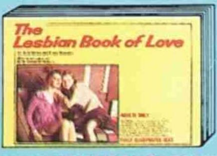

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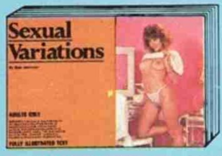

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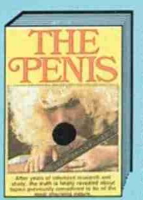

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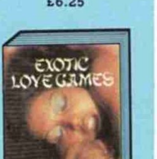

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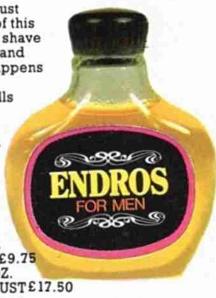

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On the job

Workers' playtime with a bang

When I started bricklaying back in the sixties, the building trade was strictly a man's domain. On the city sites no lunch hour was complete without barracking some snotty, fat-arsed secretary on the street below, but things are different now. Two young hoddies on my Dad's firm on a building site were charged with using obscene language only last week!

If you think that marks the end of an era, then cop this: we've had a lady brickie in our crew for the last six months, and if that doesn't come as a surprise, let me tell you we've had two memos on "sexism" from the management in the last month alone!

All right, so it's a treat to see a nice female behind and a firm pair of tits on a job, by way of a change from your foul-mouthed, foul-arsed mates. But the trouble she's caused, you just wouldn't believe. The genius at HQ who gave her appointment the go-ahead needs his fucking skull examined.

Despite all that, Sally's not a bad kid, and I hate to say it, but she's a good worker, with an hourly output that would put a master builder to shame. Mind you, her hoddie's got more incentive to shin up and down that ladder smartish, than if he was grafting for some miserable old Mick. I mean, if you could see the denim shorts she wears when it's hot! Hell, talk about painted on . . .

All the boys have tried it on with her at one time or another. Scaffolders, screeders, concrete finishers, granite fixers, site agents and all. But none of them got further than a slap 'n' tickle and a quick feel. Me, I just watched and got stiff in the crotch of my overalls. I'd seen it all before, and I wasn't about to make a cunt of myself in front of my mates.

No, it was Sally who made the first move – the first time in my life I've been picked up by a girl. The rest of the team had fucked off early to watch the England match, leaving me and her together 17 floors above Birmingham with nothing but the birds for company. Even Binocular Boy in the crane gantry had gone AWOL.

Sally went to the bog to wash up, but when she reappeared ten minutes later, she was wearing my old vest, with no bra under it.

"Didn't know I fancied you, did you?" she said, sidling up to me all sexy and putting her arms around me. I couldn't help it, I got a full, raging stalk-on. I tried to pull away so she wouldn't suss it, but she felt it all right, and grabbed hold of the bulge.

My Christ, she was hot for it! Even though my prick was under three layers of clothing, she found my knob in just the right place and squeezed it out of its skin. I pulled her – or my, I should say – vest down over her gorgeous tits and started sucking on her nips. She opened my overalls and got my cock out, I got my hands down the back of her shorts and fingered her bum, and all of a sudden I was on for a full shag.

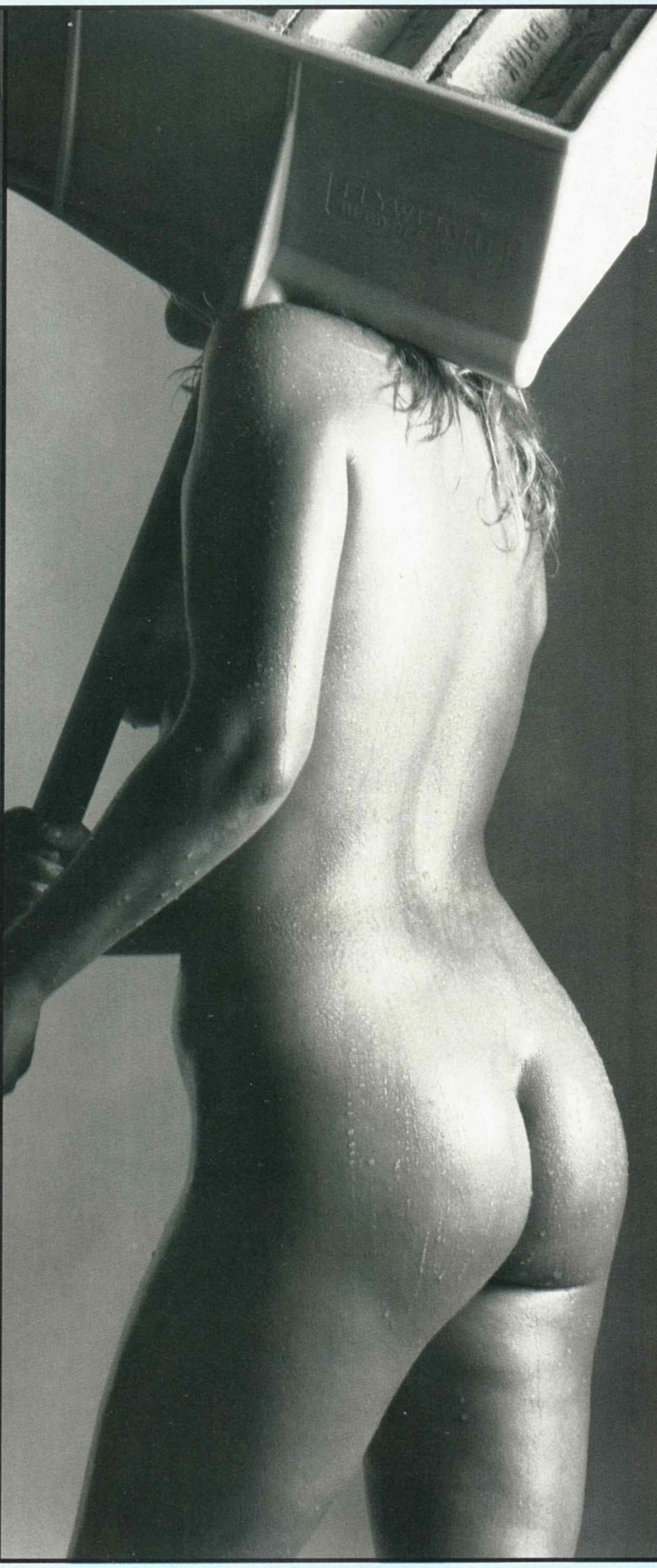
I took her over to the

foreman's Portakabin and led her inside, but the cunt of a sparks had thrown the mains switch and we could hardly see a thing. We both undressed in double-quick time and I stood there, getting used to the gloom, ogling her hairy cunt as she pulled her pants down, my cock sticking out like a flagpole.

"Do you want me to gobble it?" she says, and before I've got time to reply she's down on her knees in front of me, skinning my knob up and down between her tits, licking it and dribbling all down it. I'm 48 years old and I've had some pussy in my time, but this one sucked like a nympho, squeezing my bollocks, stroking my arse, you name it.

"How old are you, lassie?" I asked, grabbing her lion's mane hairdo and tossing myself off into her mouth.

"Twenty-five," she says, taking my cock out of her mouth for a breather. "God, I love older blokes! Do you want to come in my face?



But there was no way I was going to squander my spunk on a suck-off. I wanted to collar her in the all-fours and poke her till she squealed, or get her on her back, grab her ankles, push them upsides her ears and have a good gander of my cock sliding in and out of that scrumptious fanny.

It was then I remembered my mate's secret stash of filthy books, which he kept in his tool box under the foreman's table. Although I was bollock-naked with a full hard-on, I rummaged around on my hands and knees under the table, till I found what I was looking for.

"Here," I said, opening an old mag and showing it to Sally. "This'll give you some ideas for a dirty fuck!"

We sat at the table fingering each other off while I turned the pages, which seemed to feature every lurid perversion under the sun. Sally was getting really turned-on, just like I hoped she would.

"That looks nice," she said, pointing to a picture of a tart in rubber stockings with a dildo up her cunt and a black guy's dick in her mouth.

"Well I'm afraid I haven't got a dildo and Jamaican Andy's off sick," I said, worming three fingers up her slot. "Get your arse up on that table and I'll put a Durex on."

She lay on the table, her bum resting on the edge, her feet on the floor. I took hold of her hips and nudged my cock in between her flaps, then with one big thrust I humped it right the way up her. She was so tight I rested it inside her awhile, stirring it around while she groaned and whimpered, clutching her boobs. If ever there was a fuck I wanted to last forever, this was it.

Sally reached down and pulled back the little hood of skin that covered her clit. Out it peeped, all pink and shiny, and she moistened her fingertips and started stroking it, looking at me all lovey-dovey.

"Hold up those pictures of those lovely big pricks again," she said. "Let me look at them while you're fucking me."

There was no doubt about it, this little raver was crazy for cock. As I stood there

between her thighs, stuck right up her, I held the dirty book in front of her, and you should have seen the way her eyes lit up over the photos.

Luckily for me, Sally was in no mood to rush things, any more than I was. I chucked the porno book aside, and pulled my prick out of her.

"I can't stand doing it with a johnny on," I said, peeling it off. "It's not the same without a bit of cum, is it? Let's go outside and finish off in the sunshine."

It was a warm July evening, tailor-made for outdoor sex. I pulled a tarp off a stack of RSJs and chucked it on the deck. I decided if I could get to fuck this young darling in the doggie position, I'd die a happy man.

I know a lot of girls don't like being fucked from behind with the light on because they know you can see all the private details of their cunts and bums, but this little raver was so keen to get on all fours, she was all but crying out for it. She made a little pillow out of my rolled-up vest and rested her face on it, sticking her curvy arse skywards and wiggling it – the dirty little bitch!

I knelt directly behind Sally's bum and marvelled at her, all clean and inviting. I slipped my knob just a little bit into her, and stirred it around her entrance. I got her so worked-up, she slipped her hand up between her legs and opened her hole, pinning the lips back with her fingertips. It was the prettiest thing I've ever seen in my life, and there was no way I could restrain myself from plundering it. I plunged my prick into her and fucked like a bastard, completely unable to control my urge a second longer.

Digging my fingernails into her lovely bum-flesh, I kept shagging and shagging until the sweat was pouring off my brow and I was puffing and panting like an old steam engine. All of a sudden I found myself past the point of no return, my balls went all tight on me, and I started to unload.

I half-collapsed on top of Sally as my spunk started to spurt, grabbing her tits and giving them a good, hard shake as my thrusts reached their peak and the stuff just poured from me. Sally shuffled forward to remove herself from my dick and lay on her back on the canvas, all pink-cheeked and panting – and promptly started playing with her pussy all over again!

"Didn't I make you come-off or something?" I asked, worried I'd disappointed her and that she'd go looking for sex elsewhere in future.

"Quite the opposite," she said, smearing my sperm all over her gaping sex. "I'm just enjoying your spunk for a minute or two. You don't mind, do you?"

For the next three weeks I was round Sally's flat at every opportunity. We'd get ourselves all sexed-up on wine and saucy videos, then she'd put on her leather mini and kinky boots and we'd have fabulous all-night sex sessions. She wanted me for keeps, but like the weak cunt I am, I crawled back to my wife.

Only last week I was leaving my new site over at Holborn, and who should be waiting for me in the corner pub but Sally, all dolled-up. I went up to her and we had a chat, and she slipped her hand inside my donkey jacket and said: "How about a quickie for old time's sake?" So I got one of my pals to create a diversion (he set light to a pensioner's newspaper!) and I smuggled her out to the lavs and had her up against a urinal. Something tells me I still haven't seen the last of her.

Dominic, London W6

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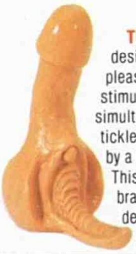

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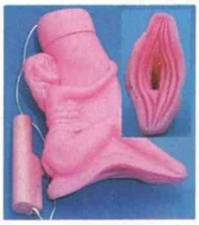

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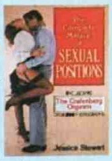

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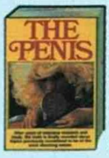

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That'll be the lay

Sex with style from the rock 'n' roll years

I thought I'd submit this letter before turning 50: one doesn't want to enter the Autumn of one's years a D.O.M! What prompted me to write was a recent stroll around Soho, and the memories that came flooding back, some happy, some sad. In the late fifties and early sixties I managed a sandwich bar there, not far from the famous *Macabre* and *Two I's* coffee houses on the corner of Wardour and Meard St. I used to cater to the late night jazz club crowd, and they all came for my legendary, 10-inch long . . . sausage rolls, the idea of which was later nicked by Mick's of Fleet St.

Like a lot of second generation Italian boys, I was something of a looker in my early twenties, and I was a definite favourite with the strippers and beatnik girls who used to drop in for a capuccino or a milkshake – to wash their bennies down with. I suppose my sharp suits and Kookie quiff gave me more appeal than the middle-aged raincoats and the spivs. Though I say so myself, I was definitely in demand.

If you were out on the pull, the favourite hunting grounds then were Klook's Kleek (in Windsor), Ken Colyer's in Oxford St, or the Marquee. That's where everyone went to pull the trad-mad art students – all dark glasses, black stockings and duffel coats. They were all so cool, beautiful and hip, but when I got them back to my little flat above the café, there was only one thing they wanted. And they were all the same: "Pull it out!" they'd cry, and fumbling and grumbling, I'd shoot my lot all over their bellies. It could be incredibly frustrating, in the pre-Pill era.

The "dancers" were a far more exciting proposition, and much more fun to be with. I remember a girl called Tricia, a gorgeous blonde with a Kathy Kirby hairdo and a soft spot for Jewish jazz musicians – no guesses where that soft spot was! Tricia was the first girl I knew who openly went with a black man, a ponce too! She came into the café late one night, just as I was closing up, and told me in painstaking detail

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all the things her black lover did to her between the sheets. She must have been on something, but she wasn't too far gone to know full well that she was talking me into an erection. I was so nervous, I couldn't help but stutter when I finally summoned the courage to invite her upstairs. To this very day, I'll never forget her response.

"I thought you'd never bleedin' ask!"

It was Tricia, God bless her, who taught me that there was more to sex than missionary positions and coitus interruptus. Like a lot of sexually active single girls, she favoured a device called a Dutch cap.

It was Tricia, too, who introduced me to the pleasures of fucking a girl who kept her shoes, stockings and suspenders on. What was good enough for her punters was definitely good enough for me, but when she put the bedroom light on, turned around and suggested I mount her from behind on my hands and knees, it was perhaps inevitable I found myself unable to "last" more than a few miserable seconds. Damn!

It goes without saying that, at 23-ish years of age, I fell in love, and made a prize idiot of myself in the process. She was an unsuccessful jazz singer. She also turned the occasional trick from her flat in Peter St, but let's not forget, those were hard times. And besides, she was a nymphomaniac. Of course, it broke my heart trying to win her over, because when my back was turned she'd jump into some other chap's bed, no matter if she was earning or not. Best of all she liked to be done from behind, standing up. Then she'd bend forward and touch her toes, and any man who failed to find *that* arousing, quite literally wasn't worth a fuck!

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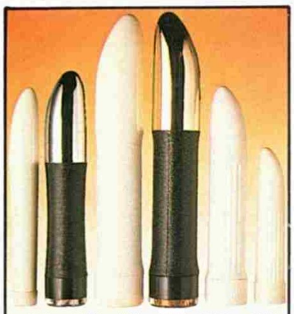

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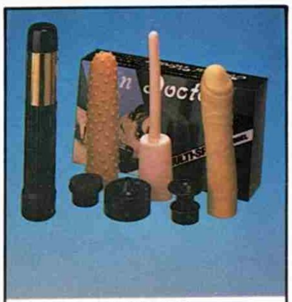

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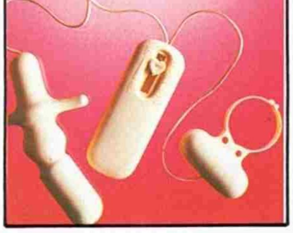

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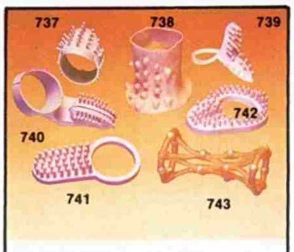

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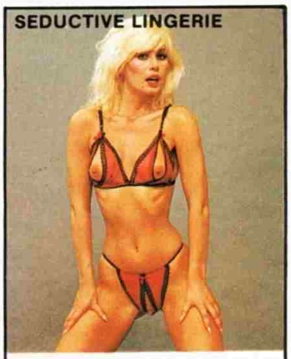

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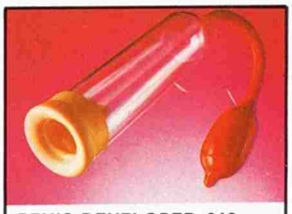

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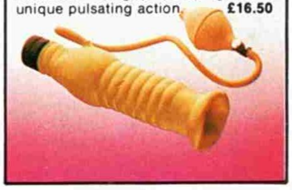

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What finally "did it" for me, so far as my yearning for her was concerned, was calling uninvited at her flat one Sunday afternoon and discovering a full-blown sex orgy in progress. The love of my life, unaware of my arrival, was lying naked on a couch, "amusing" herself with her long, smooth fingernails, while a couple of glassy-eyed gents in blue silk suits sat in armchairs clutching brandies and cigars, staring. I later learned that one of them was the late Stephen Ward.

Quite whether it was part and parcel of being young and horny, or a characteristic part of the early sixties, I'm not sure, but there were an awful lot of prickteasers around in those days. I guess a lot of girls were scared of getting knocked-up, which was certainly true of my first serious girlfriend, Cecile. It took me six solid months to get between her lovely thighs. Night after night I'd have to content myself with wanking off over her bared breasts, wanking off while stroking her knickered fanny, wanking off while she did a striptease routine, or by way of my Saturday night treat, wanking off watching *her* wanking off!

All good things are worth waiting for? Get this. When at last I squeezed my latex-covered dick up her and declared my undying love, I reckoned at long last I'd found what I was looking for. Quite by chance, a couple of days later, I discovered she'd gone backstage at the 'quee (the night she'd told me she was staying in to wash her hair, fibber that she was) and "gone with" the Blue Flames' supporting act – all five of them! I may be wrong, but I think this makes Cecile the world's first groupie! – *Tony, Finchley*

IN·THE·BAG

continued from page 19

energetically. I gripped her bum cheeks tight, and soon I was experiencing that wonderful sensation as my spunk jetted into her twat. She didn't even seem to notice as she was still riding me, and I had to tell her I'd shot my load up her. She reluctantly dismounted.

I kept her panties as a souvenir, and when I'm feeling bored, driving around between fares, I have a stop at a quiet spot and masturbate whilst sniffing Blondie's knickers.

Geoff T, London E2

Oh, charming. Nothing like a bit of knicker-sniffing to start the day – Ed, 9.30 am.

Morning Glory

You know what it's like when you have an off-day? Yesterday was like that for me. I'd drunk too much the previous night and I could have slept another two hours, no problem. So when I was awoken as usual by my alarm clock and I looked up to see the lovely girl I'd lured from the local cocktail bar just a few hours previously, walking into my bedroom with breakfast on a tray, dressed only in her little red silk panties, I reckoned I'd hit on the perfect excuse to take some time out!

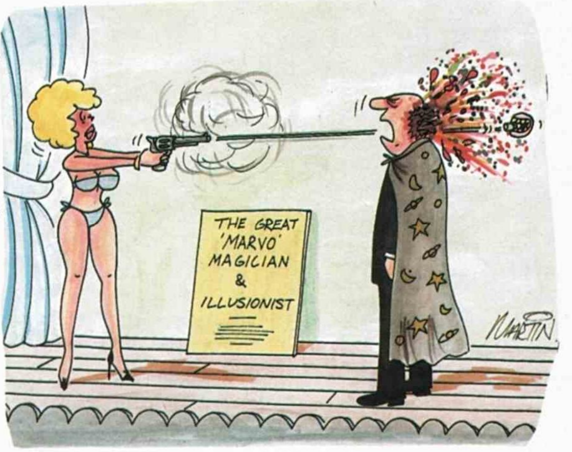
So far as I'm concerned, sex is a lot better in the morning, maybe because I'm more relaxed and full of energy. I always wake up with a hard-on, feeling randy as hell, and when I grabbed this girl and pulled her on to the bed, and then pulled back the covers to reveal my raging hard-on, things started to get really interesting.

Just for the record, her name's Kate. She looks a lot like Kate Bush – dark and sultry – but her body's even better: pert little tits with big, dark, ever-stiff nipples; the neatest, tightest arse you ever saw; and a thick bush of blue-black pubic curls.

We wrestled around for a bit, laughing and giggling like a couple of kids, but when I started licking those perfect, conical nipples, and she reached for my cock and started drumming her long fingernails on its delicate tip, the fun began. Kate kicked and struggled when I finally managed to get my face between her thighs. But when I found her clit with the tip of my tongue and started lapping it, she ran her fingers through my hair and started swivelling her hips, grinding her crotch directly into my face.

I really get turned on by going down on a girl. Once when I was touring with a blues band back in the 60s (as a roadie, not a virtuoso guitarist!), I visited a brothel in Manchester where a gorgeous, big-titted whore sucked my cock while I, in turn, went down on her girlfriend. Until I met Kate, that experience ranked as my all-time erotic high, but the sight of this young lady lying face down on my sheets, spreading KY Jelly all over her slit, holding her lips apart and literally pleading with me to fuck her arse off, had me so excited I swear I started to tremble.

Kate, it transpired, was one of those girls who like it best of all from behind, but slow and easy. She's not into rapid pumping, preferring instead to take cock right to the hilt, and having it stirred around inside her. Well, in the dark, maybe I could fuck like this for ten, maybe even 15 minutes before popping my nuts, but in the cool light of morning, the sight of a tight, purple-lipped pussy engorged with my thick, hard cock, acts on me like a visual aphrodisiac. So I'll spare you any further eulogies concerning my girl's exquisite wet cunt by informing you that I blew my cool and unloaded my jism all over her fanny within just three minutes of fucking. No matter, we both enjoyed a powerful, simultaneous orgasm, which sapped my strength so badly, I fell asleep and didn't wake up until midday. Now was that a day wasted? *Steve, Fareham*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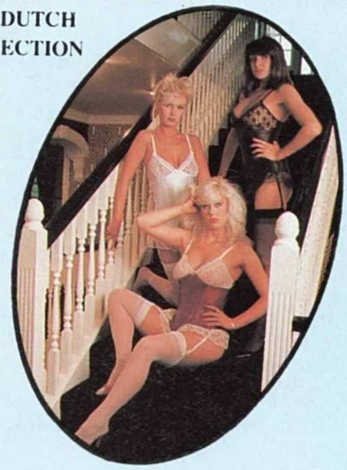
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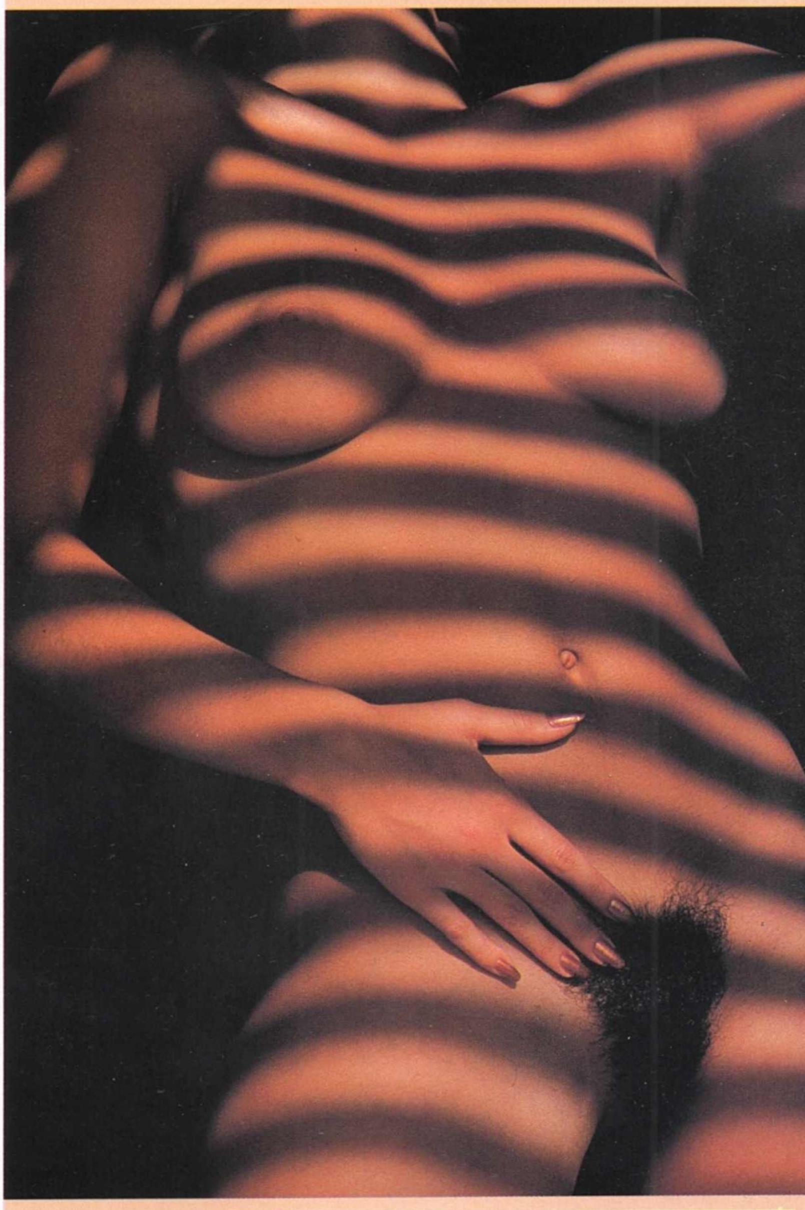

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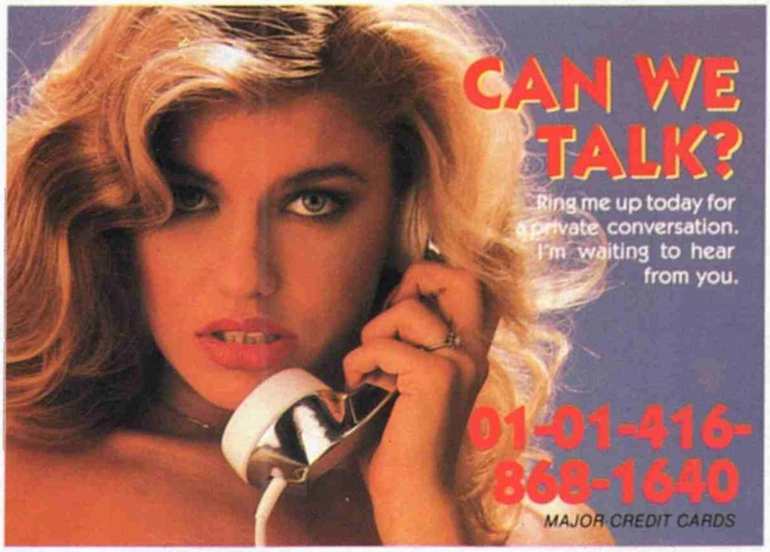
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Bits 'n' Bobs

The section full of stuff that won't fit anywhere else

Psssssssssssssssssst!

OK, you smartarses, get this one. Who said: "Women are like elephants to me: I like to look at them, but I wouldn't want to own one."

No idea? Hah! Well, it was W. C. Fields, but next time you're discussing women down the pub you can claim it as your own.

The question comes from the board game *Who's Had Who?* which is stuffed with sex-related celebrity gossip. Like all these things, it's mind-numbingly trivial but a lot of fun when you're pissed. And we've got five of the things to give away!

Just answer this lot:

1. Jayne Mansfield's favourite colour was pink. Which of the following items wasn't pink?
a) Her bath
b) Her pubic hair
c) Her heart-shaped pool
d) Her pop-up toaster

2. Which world leader is said to have died while doing . . . well, very *naughty* things with a horse?
a) Eva Peron
b) Catherine the Great of Russia
c) Queen Elizabeth the First
d) Papa Doc of Haiti

3. Which of these items did Marilyn Monroe own none of?
a) Underwear
b) Make-up
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Simple, huh? No? Well, just take a guess then. Nobody ever gets them all right, anyway.

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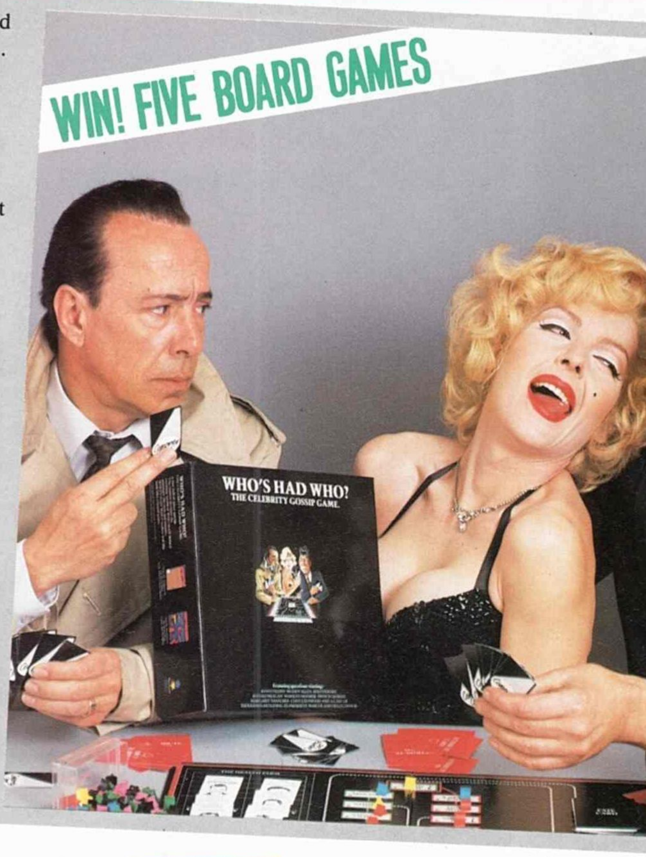

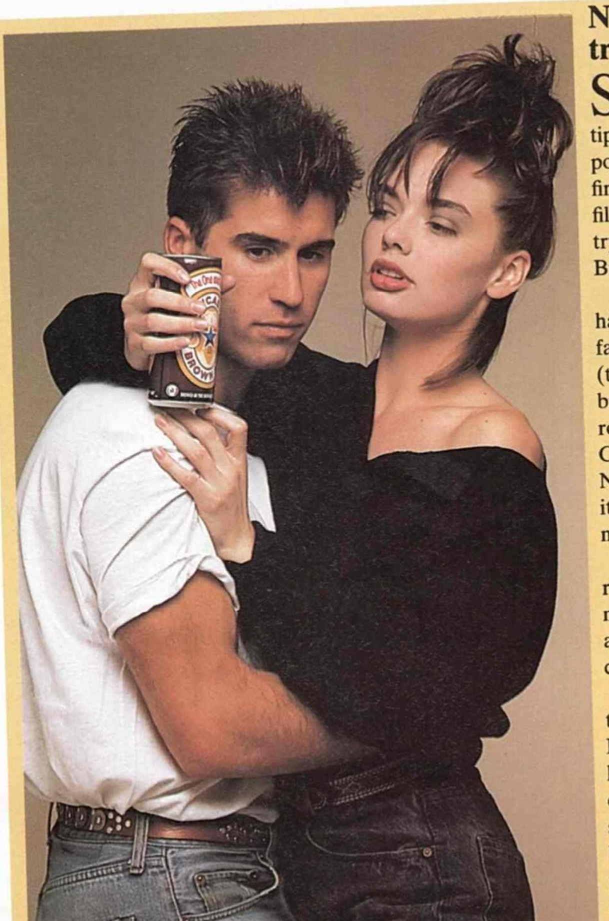

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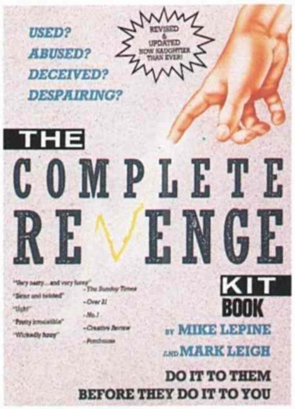
For 60 years Newky Brown has been the flavoursome favourite of stout lovers (that's people who like brown beer, not fat romantics). Invented by Colonel Jim Parker at the Newcastle Breweries in 1927, it's been slowly poured by millions of fans ever since.

But now, in an effort to reach the yuppies, the makers are jabbering on about "style" and "street-cred" and a "cool image".

So, in the great tradition of the campaigning British Press (the *Sun*), we're launching the Save Our Ale campaign. Everyone who sends in five Newky Brown bottle tops, with a picture of themselves completely pissed on the stuff – and wearing non-yuppy clothes – will receive a free issue of Club! And if the pic's ridiculous enough, we'll even publish it.

Now can we say fairer than that?

"Fairer than that."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THE COMPLETE REVENGE KIT BOOK
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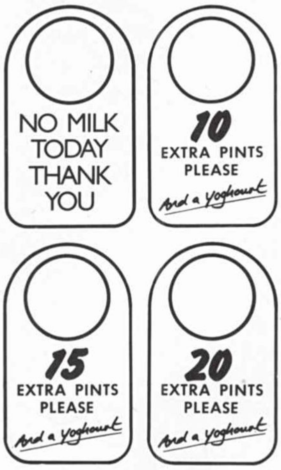
DO IT TO THEM BEFORE THEY DO IT TO YOU

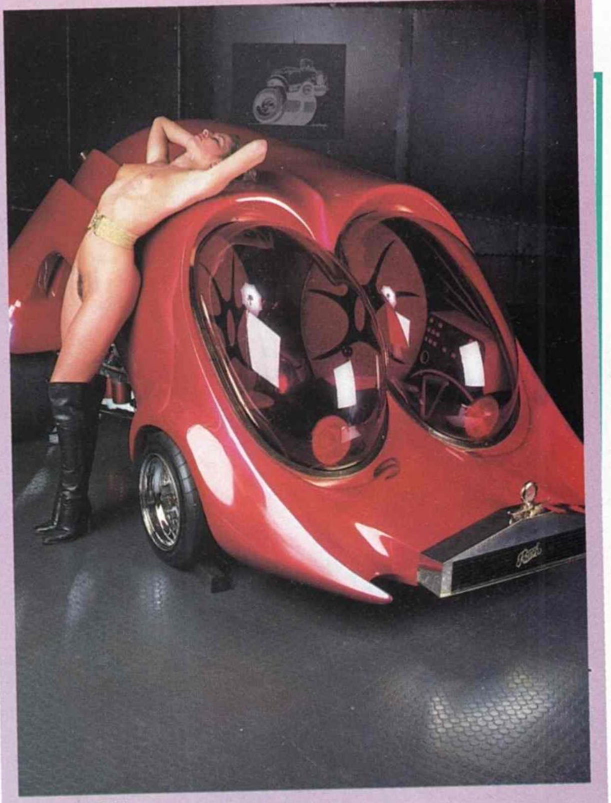

NO MILK TODAY THANK YOU
10 EXTRA PINTS PLEASE And a yoghourt
15 EXTRA PINTS PLEASE And a yoghourt
20 EXTRA PINTS PLEASE And a yoghourt

Revenge

Always seeking new ways to completely screw people up, those wacky characters Mark Leigh and Mike Lepine have "revised and updated" their *Complete Revenge Kit*. That's the box full of official-looking letters telling you the council are establishing a leper colony next door, or the luxury swimming pool you didn't order is on the way. Send 'em to your enemies and watch them squirm . . .

Trouble is, this "revised" edition is mainly made up of old jokes, with only a few new ones chucked in – and for that they've hiked the price by a quid to £6.95. Are they trying to get revenge on all us poor saps who bought the first one? Or is it just that they've got no shame?

Well, neither have we – so here's our favourite old joke from this old joke collection. Sling it on your neighbour's milk bottles and just wait for the building society to foreclose on his mortgage.



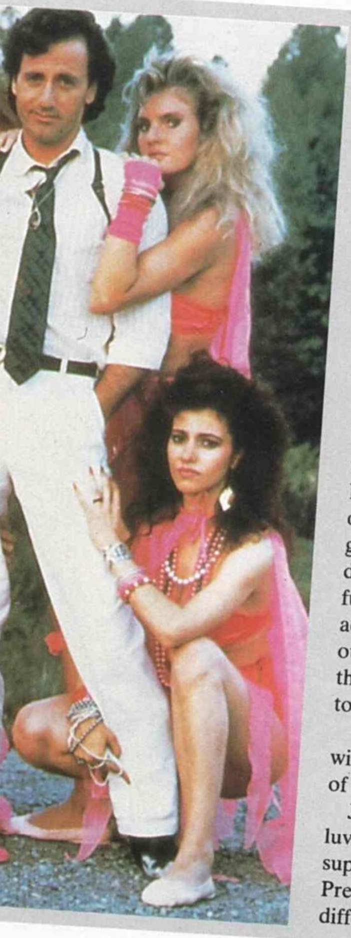
Road Hog

Is it a pig? Is it a fly? We haven't got a clue – but it's bloody ugly!

This somewhat peculiar design for a four-wheeled internally-powered personal transporter (or "car" as we motoring writers call it) was found at the back of the filing cabinet by one of the cleaners.

This model has mystified us, so if anyone out there knows who it belongs to, where it comes from and whether it actually goes, we'd be delighted to hear from them.

It would be nice if you could tell us something about the car as well.



Simply Amazon!

"Well, Mr Producer, the plot for the movie's like this: we get Frank Stallone, Sly's brother, and he has to save the world from the army of erotic amazons known as Pink Chiquitas, who were created by the pink pulsating meteorite that crashed into Beansville, USA."

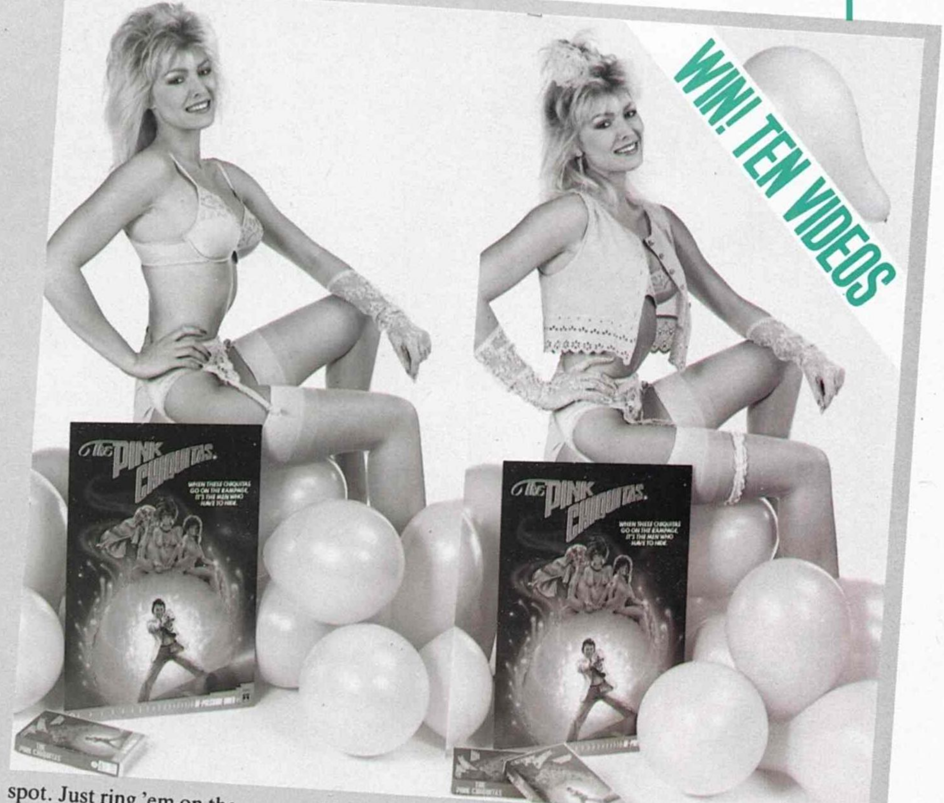
"Don't call us, son. And we won't call you."

But, bugger me, somebody's made it! Those wacky chaps at High-Pressure Video have brought out *The Pink Chiquitas* on general video release, and a damn fine film it is, too, in a funny sort of way. If you actually want to know what our video guru Allan Bryce thought of it, just flick back to his review on page 20.

OK? Read it? Well now, win it! Yeah, we've got TEN of the suckers to give away!

Just look at these two luvverly black-and-white pix supplied by the High-Pressure mob. There are ten differences between them to spot. Just ring 'em on the picture below, tear it out or make a photocopy, and send it with your name and address to Aaargh! Pink Chiquitas Competition, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

First ten correct entries out of the Editor's sock drawer get a copy of said tape. So what are you waiting for? ♣


WIN! TEN VIDEOS
The Pink Chiquitas
The Pink Chiquitas

coming in club

Coming in Club? Oooh-err! Sounds a bit rude! And it is! Just cop a load of what's going in our next issue:

The most todger-tingling, willie-warming photographs of Nikki Downey ever taken in the history of the world. *Scientific fact.*

A centrefold girl who kept the Editor drooling for a full seven hours. He is now in hospital suffering from dehydration. *Scientific fact.*

Even more of your startlingly filthy confessions, with juicier, weirder, more perverted pictures than ever before. *Scientific fact*.

A lovely lady from Wiltshire with THE BIGGEST TITS THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN. *Scientific fact.*

And loads more we haven't thought of yet. *Scientific fact.*

Buy it, and we'll prove once again that Club International reaches the parts other magazines can't. Your pancreas may never be the same again. *Scientific fact.*

Volume 16 Number 12 on sale November 12. ♣

continued from page 53

On the other hand, who am I kidding? thought Mark.

In the hotel, everybody went to the chairman's drinks party before the theatre. It was well laid-on, and Mark forgot his misery as he sloshed down large gins and tonic with the lads.

Shakespeare bored his backside. The Bard had a thing about the aristocracy, Mark decided, and sex. Well, maybe he used to get his share . . . The lights went up after the final curtain. Mark and the rest went back to the hotel for the five-course feast. Pleasantly sloshed and contented, he toddled off to bed. God! He hadn't thought about Carol the whole evening, even though she was there. Could it be . . . dare he hope, he was withdrawing from the abyss at last? He sighed, turned out the bedside light and pushed his long legs down the bed. Maybe Shakespeare couldn't get it up, either, otherwise he wouldn't have banged on so much about sex, Mark told himself.

Tap, tap. Tap, tap . . . Yes, there was someone at the door. He stumbled out of bed and opened it. "Hello," said Carol, sidling past him, unbuttoning her black cocktail frock, as she headed towards the bed.

"Um . . ." spluttered Mark.

"Please do not 'Um', or even 'Er'," she said, slipping out of the dress to reveal a full underset, the sort he had once seen sexy models wearing in the flesh. She unclipped her black, silk stockings, peeled them off, unhooked her suspender belt and bra, then got into bed.

Mark walked over in a daydream, bashing his knee on the side of the bed as he got in.

She didn't give him time to think. He was gently pulled on top and deeply kissed. Jeezus, it was all happening! He was erect *and in*. His self congratulations were arrested by Carol's hand expertly guiding him to her breasts, spine, and backside. "Oh, I do love you . . ." she whispered in his ear.

"Um," said Mark.

Around the perimeter track and on to the runway they glided, building up full revs, gathering speed until they reached the point of no return, erupting into those magic moments of merciless seconds.

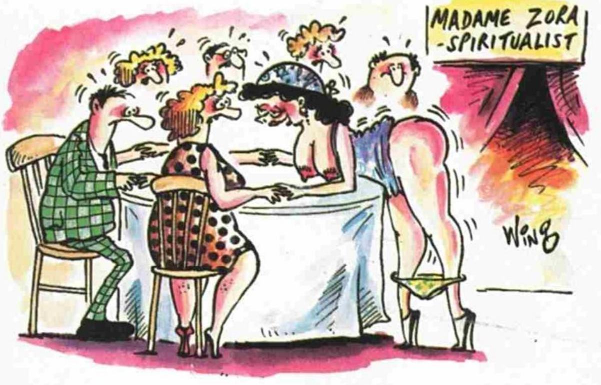
"Carol," said Mark, as they lay on their backs in the darkness; his arm around her, her head tucked in the crook of his shoulder. "Why me? Look, I've seen you on video. I've seen the sort of man who really satisfies a woman. I just don't understand?"

She turned, bit his earlobe gently and whispered in his ear. "Don't come the innocent with me, Mark. I've seen *you* on video, even if it was a few years ago. *The Stud Man Cometh*, wasn't it? And I know there were quite a few more.

"So I knew there was a really good lover in you somewhere, I just guessed it might need a bit of bringing out – in private . . ."

Her lips kissed his and began to move down towards his belly. Mark lay back and looked at the ceiling. Funny, but since he'd had to turn respectable he'd always been afraid his past might catch up with him.

He felt her breath on his cock, and was glad it had. ♣



Yes . . . yes . . . I'm getting this feeling that your late husband is with us, Mrs Titmarsh!

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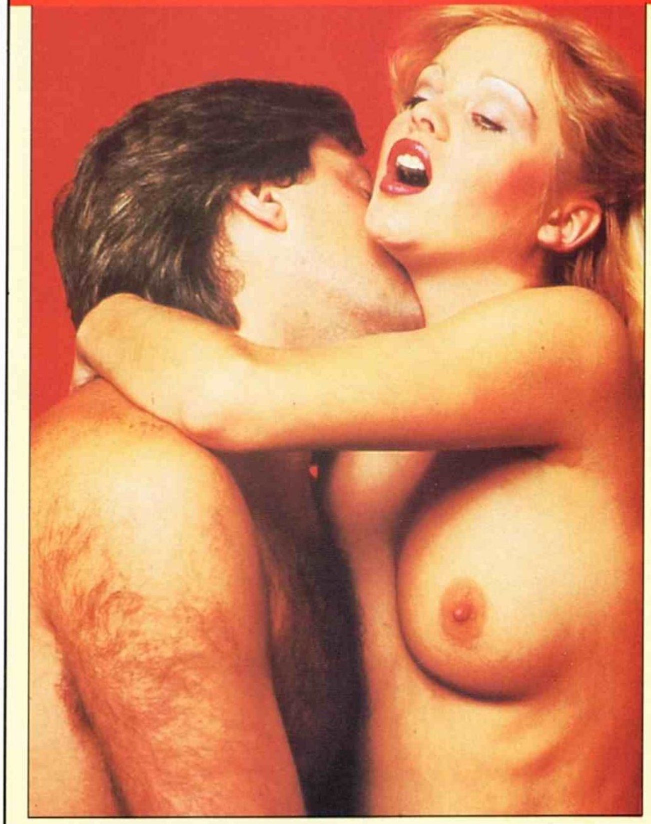

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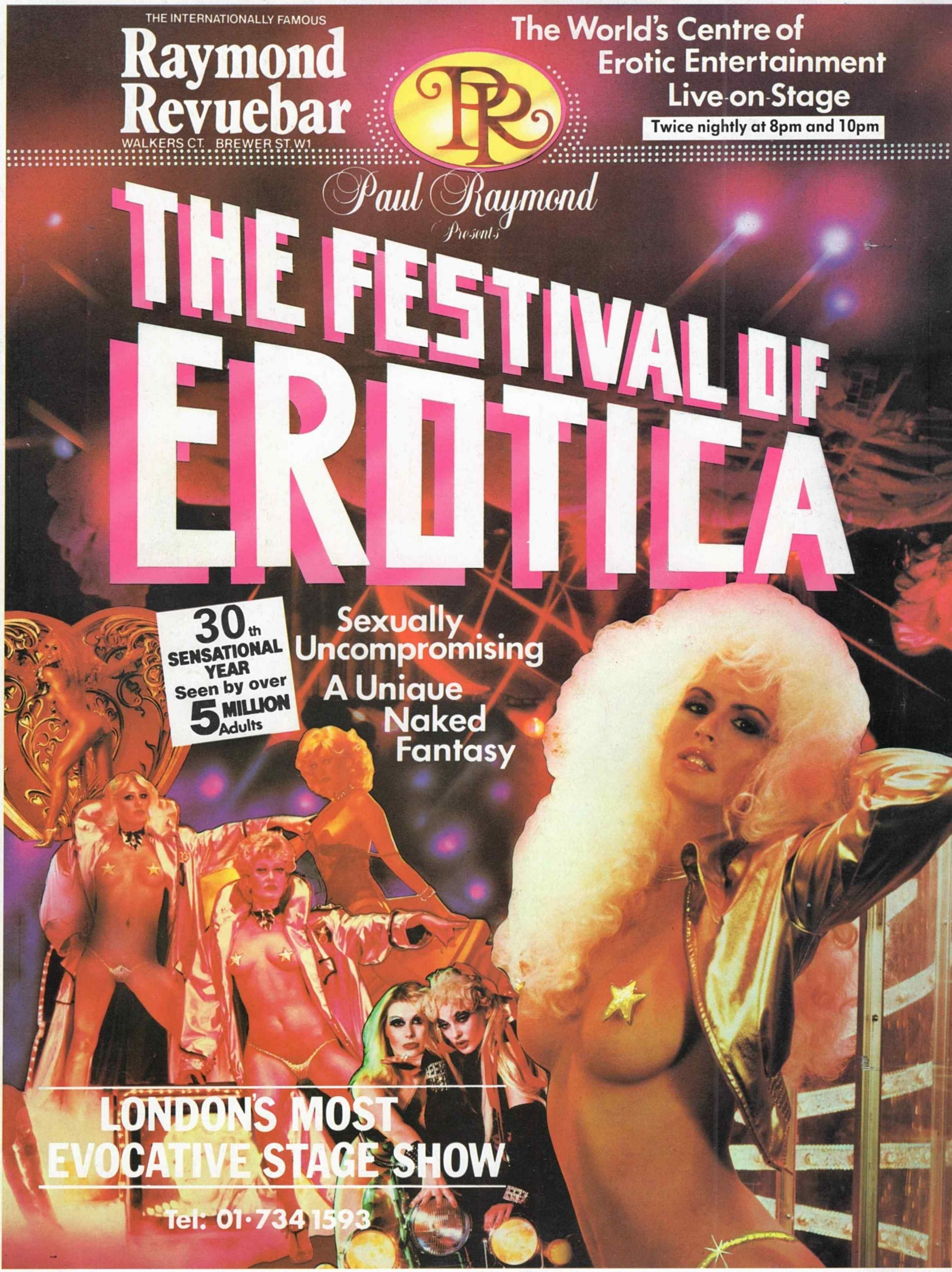

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